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Pacific Oceanic Fishery Investigations
Room 407
630 Sansome
San Francisco
California

AN-AMERICAN fisherman

combined with TUNAfisherman

JANUARY 1949

Twenty-Five Cents

EMBARCADERO!

FISHING FAMILIES

RETROSPECT

1949-50

1907

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PRIDE IN OUR PORT

San Diego's greatest asset today is its land-locked harbor and its adjoining port facilities.

The fishing industry contributes substantially to the development and maintenance of this port. No one contributes more.

Many developments have, in the past, centered around San Diego Bay. More work is underway . . . more is projected for the future. This is a tribute to San Diego's Port Director and to members of the Harbor Commission.

Yet, the story will not be complete until all of those facilities vitally needed by the fishing fleet and the plants ashore have been provided. The volume of taxes paid is more than adequate to merit primary consideration of this industry's needs by authorities of San Diego City.

Sun Harbor Packing Company looks with confidence to the future and holds the sincere hope that projects now in the "blueprint" stage soon will be available for use by the tuna industry.

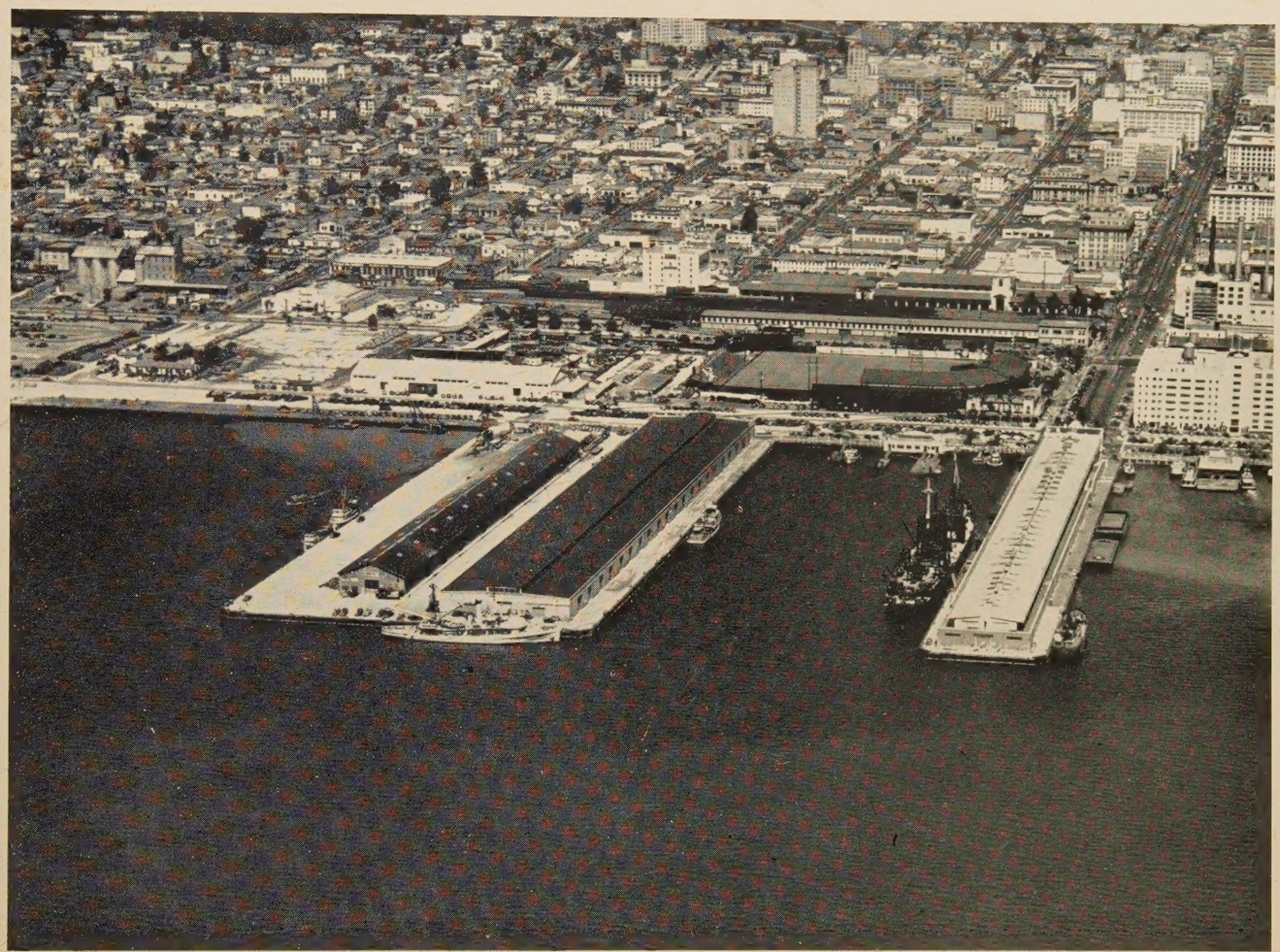
THEN . . . we can take genuine pride in our port.

Sun Harbor Packing Company

San Diego

SAN DIEGO

"The Harbor of the Sun"



The Honorable Commissioners of the Port of San Diego, the Port Director, and entire staff take this means of extending to all best wishes for a happy and prosperous . . .

1949

PORT of SAN DIEGO

"The Harbor of the Sun"

PROTECT YOUR NETS

with

LODGE NET PRESERVATIVE

Crew of "Anthony M" processing the tuna net in LODGE PROCESS at the Fishermen's Co-operative dock, San Pedro, Sept. 27, 1948. Standing on the truck is Jack Thomas, in charge of field service for the Lodge Process Co.

Skipper and crew—and a good one too—of the "Anthony M"

Catch your bait with nets treated to combat marine bacteria and fungii. Available in 53 gallon drums or 5 gallon containers.

Order from any of these distributors listed below. These firms are the only firms selling Lodge Process Net and Line Preservative in California. Fishermen's Cooperative members of San Pedro may order through the Coop if they so desire

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(Insist on Lodge Process. Accept no Substitute).

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DURING DECEMBER:

The letter shown above came all the way from Sandakan, Colony of North Borneo, and was written by J. A. Tubb, Director of Fisheries there. "I," writes Mr. Tubb, "would be glad to become a subscriber to your magazine and hope shortly to take the necessary action to obtain the requisite foreign exchange certificate. Would you please advise me what postage is payable in respect to *Tunamag*, forwarded to this Colony?" The letter, of course, is typical of the many received weekly by *Pan-American* since the publication grew up. Other readers seeking subscription rates and postal information have come in from points so far removed as Capetown, South Africa, Balboa, Canal Zone, Tokyo, Japan, Sydney, Australia, Guam and Fiji Islands. All in all, they make up rather a cosmopolitan list.

•

Pan-American is a bit proud of Dorothy Harvey's first story dealing with *Fishing Families*, which appears in this issue. Gene Cantot is not only a very well known mariner, but, like all of his kind, he was a bit reluctant to talk. To get the interview completed, Miss Harvey, who, incidentally, was appointed in December to the post of Associate Editor of *Marine Press Associations*, was forced to spend no little time in questioning. Aided by Cantot's wife, however, she finally got his reminiscences on paper, and you'll find the result on Page 38, complete with a picture of the subject and part of his family. His five-year-old daughter, Jeanette, was absent when *Pan-American's* John deBeck arrived to snap the shot.

•

Charles E. Jackson's wrestle, through the years, with the commercial fishing industry, has been anything but dull. Currently General Manager of National Fishing Institute, Washington, D. C., he began his career as a newspaper advertising man, but soon switched over to the Government payroll. That's how he got into the fisheries business, and he's been in it since, in one capacity or another. His penchant for the daily grind, especially on the job with NFI, has brought forth plenty of comment of late. Carlton Crawford, President of the organization, wrote a letter to *Pan-American*, in fact, so late as two weeks ago, in which he somewhat wryly referred for the second or third time to Jackson's reaction to industrial operation. As the result, *Pan-American* decided it was about time he was explained a bit. The story is on page 14.

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PAN-AMERICAN *fisherman*

NEWSmagazine of PACIFIC FISHERIES
combined with the magazine
TUNAfisherman

A Journal Published Monthly at San Diego, California, Serving the Pacific Fisheries

A Marine Press Publication

Volume 3 January, 1949 Number 2

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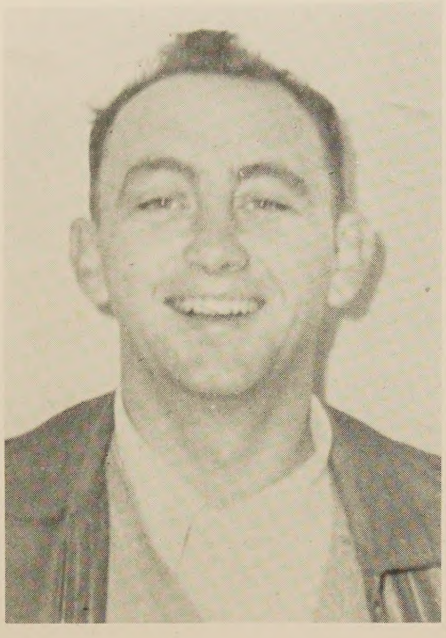
THE COVER

Just before Christmas, Seymour Francis, Managing Editor, *Marine Press Associations*, got out his camera with the idea of catching a good waterfront shot to be used for a Greeting Card picture. Among the negatives that Francis came back with, is the one on the cover. To get the photo, Francis was forced to cram his 190 pounds into a rather small space between a big box and a fence, but he managed, despite the wear and tear on his clothes, to "shoot" Civic Center between the fishing boats shown.

COAST EQUIPMENT CO.



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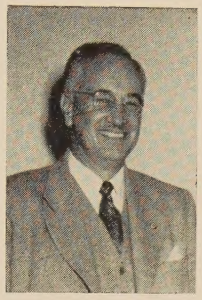
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Let's Talk It Over

WELL, here we are, facing a New Year! And, in looking back, let's talk for a moment about the magazine, *Tuna Fisherman*. It's first issue hit the stands in December, 1947. It was accepted, as time went on, as an important voice in the fishing industry, particularly in that of tuna. It seemed to fill a void which had existed for some time, and, quite naturally, we are more than a little proud of what the publication has accomplished and what it has stood for during this past year. We learned much during this period of our infancy. We learned first to crawl, then to walk, and with our Anniversary Edition, we knew what it meant to reach maturity and to accept, as the obvious ultimate of majority, heavier responsibilities. They were such that it became necessary to change the journal's name from that glamorous, though confining, title, *Tuna Fisherman*, to the broader and more suitable one, *Pan American Fisherman*. The reason for this, at least primarily so, is obvious: We are, at present, a nationally-distributed publication, and, as such, we are bound to generalize in the entire field of commercial fishing, rather than to continue within our former bounds, which constrained us to treat with the tuna industry specifically. True, if one can consider a few hundred circulation in world ports of countries such as South Africa ,Australia, Japan, et cetera, we are internationally distributed. This increased distribution, however, was somewhat incidental to the final reason for our name change. Actually, it was letters from subscribers operating in far-flung sections of the country that finally decided the issue. Their points were well-taken; for even though the presentation, format, and over-all editorial content of a journal may be eye-catching and pleasing, it lacks something when not logically generalized. With the advent of our Port Series we really jumped into the field, and it was decided to run a parade of *Tuna Magazine* covers in this issue, as emphatic of our growth. You will remember many of them—perhaps all of them. The series is called *Retrospect*, and opposite each cover reproduction there is a sketch of explanation, plus a short re-hash of the leading article to appear in that issue. These cover reproductions and sketches reveal the story of the magazine *Tuna Fisherman* far more conclusively than it may be disclosed here, so on to other subjects.



THERE may arise, in the New Year, many problems which can affect us all in one way or another. There is the proposed jump in freight rates, for one thing. The editors of *Pan-American* have given much thought, during past months, to just where the publication must stand on these problems as they crop up, and we are ready for this New Year, politically, economically and socially. Our policies for these approaching 365 days are pretty well clear-cut. We have determined the causes which we will support, and we are fairly well versed on the headaches of the fisheries which we will combat. Some of these have not yet arisen, but we will watch for them. It seems odd, in point of fact, that so many of us pay so little attention to what goes on about us; we don't seem to grasp the importance of small items that are big news in the daily press. These items appear from time to time, are considered momentarily and then forgotten. They are subtle bits of news, such as the Japanese and their plight, which tend to arouse our sympathy rather than our out and out ire. Some extraordinarily good planning is behind this propaganda. Using our ingrained humanity for the right spot to toss the dart, it has the tendency to lull us into lethargy and to generate our enthusiasm for aiding the underdog. Few of us accord these items the analysis they deserve, but behind them are some questions that should be answered.

FOR one thing, it seems curious that American tax monies earned by American people and paid to the American government should be spent to finance Japanese fishing industries on such a colossal scale that it permits the Japanese to sell their tuna over here to American canners to buy with American cannery money. It is one thing to foot the bills of foreign countries, so that they are enabled to feed and clothe themselves. But it is another when so much of American money is used to re-establish a foreign economy to the extent of putting them into formidable competition with American interests. Should we, in effect, give our neighbors money with which to build their garages on our lots? What is the cold, hard fact behind the Far Eastern "Bamboo Curtain," as it regards fisheries? How much of your money, Mr. Fisherman, is going into competition with you? Do you know? Neither do we. A recent survey of the West Coast fishing industry indicated substantial unemployment among fishermen and allied industries. Many fishing families were more than a little unhappy over the recent Christmas holidays because of the resultant tightening of finances, and some suppliers to the fishing industry were having difficulty collecting money due them. Many are retrenching, slowly it is true, and are warily watching what the coming year may indicate in business volume. Banking institutions, aware as always to any change of economic pace, have been tightening up on business loans, and are becoming increasingly critical in their interpretation of trends.

THE Federal Government is talking economy moves. Yet, on the other hand, tremendous sums of money are sought for American home and good neighbor spending. No doubt much of this expenditure is necessary, however, it seems, on the surface, no less than idiotic to spend millions on our good neighbor, Japan, and then turn these dollars into competition with the very people and industries which must contribute huge amounts in taxes to America's ever-expanding military needs.

CANNED fish stocks indicate some piling up due to buyer resistance which, in its turn, undoubtedly will result in fish for canning purposes being disposed for less money to the canneries. In the face of these trends or changes does it make sense for tons of fish, caught by Japanese fishermen with money and gear provided by Americans, to be shipped across the Pacific and sold to American canneries in direct competition to American catches? We think not, although, it must be admitted the situation *au* Japanese is not the sole problem confronting our industry this year, nor perhaps the most important.

R. Wayde Beck

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It is our sincere desire to serve the tuna fishing industry with the best obtainable quality of supplies. We purchase and supply only top grade meats, garden fresh produce, selected grocery and sundry items. Our delivery system to the clipper fleet is highly developed and promptly executed.

It is our hope that we may continue to enjoy the patronage from the tuna fishing fleet which we now have, and that through our policy of better service that patronage may grow greater in the future.

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Report From Washington

The U. S. Tariff Commission and the Committee for Reciprocity Information opened hearings involving proposed negotiations for trade agreements with 11 nations last month. Canned fishery items being considered for tariff increases, decreases, et cetera, were tuna, bonito, yellowtail, anchovies and antipasto. Both organizations heard from Donald P. Loker of French Sardine, Terminal Island, who appeared as Chairman of the Committee on Trade Agreements of the California Fish Canners Association, Incorporated, in protest against lowering the present tariff on canned tuna, bonito and yellowtail. He wanted, in fact, to have it raised immediately to the limit permissable by law.

☆ ☆ ☆

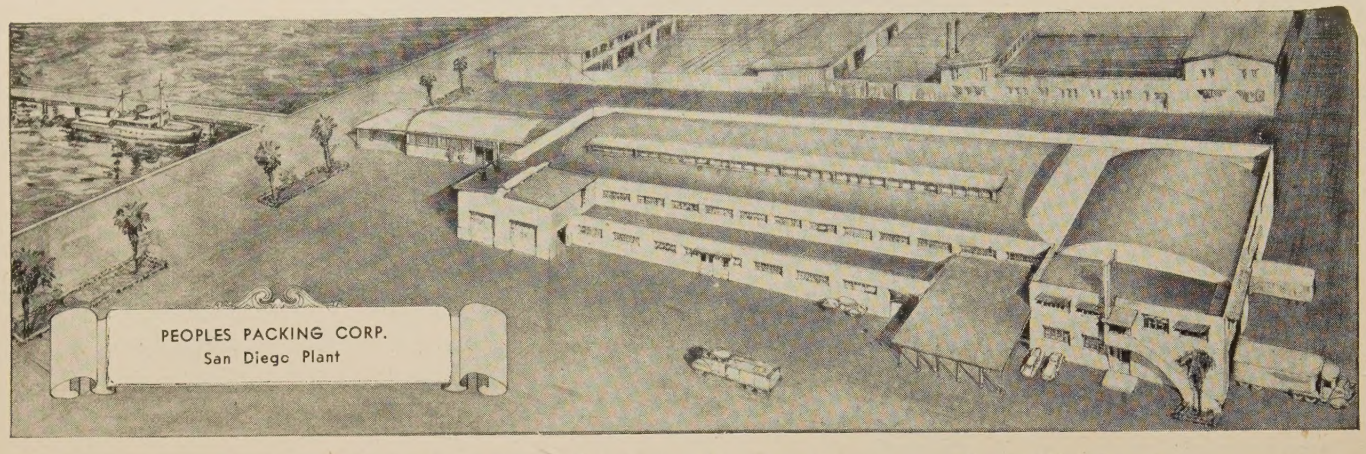
"It is our firm belief," said Loker, "that a grievous error was committed when tuna was included in the Mexican trade agreement effective January 30, 1943, in which agreement the tariff was reduced from 45 percent to 22 1/2 percent by the inclusion of tuna in Schedule III. The inclusion of tuna seems to us to be a direct violation of the well established principles of the tariff program of the United States and of the Reciprocal Trade Agreements program. In every other instance, so far as we can determine, a change in the tariff rate has been negotiated with the nation which was the 'principal supplier.' In this case, Mexico has never been a principal supplier, either before the rate was negotiated or since." To support his testimony that Mexico had never been the "principal supplier" of tuna, Mr. Loker cited import figures for certain years from 1933 to 1948. While Peru, one of the 11 nations with whom it is proposed to negotiate a trade agreement, was the "principal supplier" of tuna in 1947, and may be again in 1948, Mr. Loker pointed out to the Committee that "we know that it will be but a short time until Japan again becomes the 'principal supplier' and a tariff negotiated now, or even the 'binding' at the present rate will not properly or accurately reflect the true situation with respect to cost of production when Japan regains its former position as a 'principal supplier.' We believe, therefore, gentlemen, that we should go back to the 45 percent rate until we are in a position to get the facts of life with respect to the Japanese situation. And we believe we should go back to this rate immediately."

☆ ☆ ☆

Briefs in opposition to reduction in the rates on canned tuna and anchovies were submitted by the Columbia River Salmon and Tuna Packers Association, and the California Sardine Products Institute. Sun Harbor Packing Company, an N.C.A. member in San Diego, was represented before both bodies by the firm's Washington counsel.

—Marine Press Associations.

PEOPLES PACKING CORPORATION



Artist's Sketch of One of the Best and Most Modern Canneries on the Pacific Coast

The

NEW TUNA CANNERY

This tuna cannery, entirely housed under one roof, represents the most advanced ideas and equipment for producing a highest-quality pack under modern sanitary conditions.

In 1948 we increased our production by doubling the number of tuna clippers in our present fleet.

Located at

SAN DIEGO, California

Foot of 28th Street

LOUIS C. STRADA
Vice President and General Manager

MAURICE BERNARDINI
President

KERNEIL BERNARDINI
Assistant General Manager

DISTRIBUTORS **WEST COAST PACKING CORP.** Long Beach, Calif.

The lady snagged from deep is Marion Caster of San Diego. A professional model, Miss Caster is excellent swimmer, was chosen most likely subject to launch, from a photogenic standpoint, cover shot for the first edition of the magazine, *Tuna Fisherman*, which came out in December, 1947. Miss Caster is being "landed" by members of Captain Ralph Madruga's *American Lady*. Left to right: Domingas Chagas, Martin Sousa and Richard Xavier. Contradictory to sober tone of average trade journal, picture caused talk, more than 1,000 requests for extra copies received. Top story in issue: *America's Stake In The Pacific Tuna Industry*, by Montgomery Phister, Vice-President, Van Camp Seafood Company.

Photo by Larry Booth, Allied Craftsmen.

JANUARY

'*WHAT'S AHEAD?*' was apropos cover title for magazine's January issue. *Tuna Fisherman* would have liked, indeed, an answer to question. Golden-haired fellow with pleasant profile selected to emphasize New Year's infantile state is John Richard Robinson, son of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Robinson of San Diego. Blue-eyed, big for his age, youngster's picture appeared at time when fishing industry in Southern California was agog over assurance that research, under auspices of Farrington Bill, would begin in mid-Pacific Circa 1948. At same time hue and cry started for fisheries research by tuna clippers in eastern Pacific, off continental shelves of Americas. In San Diego, home of tuna industry, a group begin agitating for "Tuna Bowl" to be added to various "Bowls" devoted to New Year's Day football games. Prime mover in venture were Harbor Bowl, Incorporated, and football fans of fishing industry. Sparked by Harbor Bowl Incorporated's Ross K. O'Leno, William Hillyer, Paige P. Simpson and A. J. Kupiec, enthusiasm for project mounted hourly. Donations to launch program jumped to nearly $25,000, then dropped when many pledges failed to materialize. At same time, American Tunaboat Association's newly-elected officers began new duties. They were William A. Hoss, Vice-President; Charles A. Landers, honorary member, Board of Directors; Anthony D. Madruga, President; George Soares, Edward X. Madruga, Manuel Machado Medina, Manuel O. Medina, Joseph Soares, Edward P. Silva, F. W. Szalinski, Matteo Ghio and Frank M. Perry, members Board of Directors. Louie DeFalco, Secretary-Treasurer, and Board Members Andrew Castagnola, Sam Crivello, Luigi Guidi, Joe Medina and Joe Penacho completed roster.

★

FEBRUARY

Largest gentleman reproduced on the February cover of magazine had good reason, when picture was snapped by Staff Photographer John deBeck, for looking so pleased. He is John Mershon, had barely received an appointment to a mission coveted by seafaring men the length and breadth of Southern California. In a word, he was appointed to head, as Captain, Pacific Exploration Company's bait-rigged tunaboat, *Oregon*, and, shortly after deBeck's shutter trapped him, he left for Hawaiian waters to probe Central and Southwest Pacific for tuna. Little Mershon, shown with father: John Junior. January, 1948, was, as usual, a dull month. Clippers lay in overhaul during early weeks of year, with decks undergoing sandblasting, and hulls and superstructures being refurbished. Canneries were, for most part, utilizing interval for essential maintenance work and improvement of capital facilities. An exodus from West Coast to National Canners Convention at Atlantic City left administrative and sales offices of various fishing firms with look of desertion. There was, however, something of a groundswell in the making. yessels, shortly after year's end, began pushing off for equatorial banks with utmost speed. Except for scattering of recent arrivals and craft in shipyards, San Diego was, by late January, swept clean of clippers. Forecast of 1948 tuna pack ranged from 6,000,000 to 8,000,000 cases.

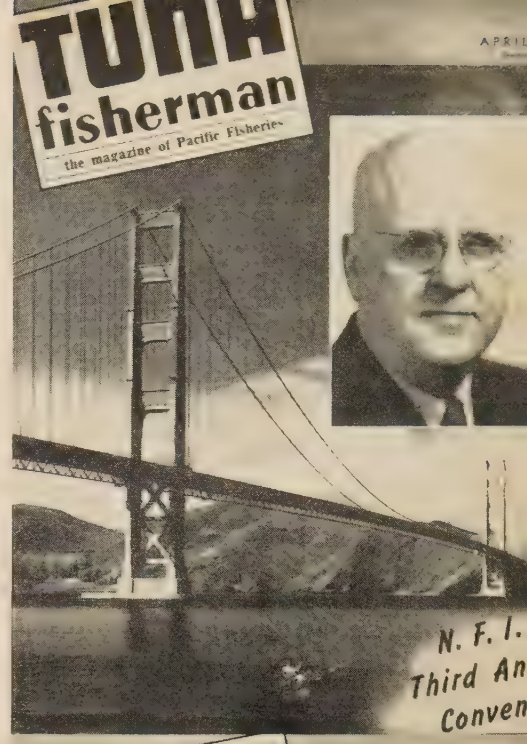
★

MARCH

During latter part of February, photographer ran into Frederick August Bode, II, assistant engineer of clipper, *Mauritania*, who, it was decided, sported type of foliage most deserving journalistic commendation. In reproducing picture for cover, publication's editors were forced to do about-face, as it had been agreed some time earlier that "still" pictures would be abandoned in favor of industry shots of instructive nature. When negative showed up, of course, all policy went to four winds, and, by virtue of a glance at Bode's *vibrissae*, any student of whisker cultivation can see reason. In Southern California tuna fleet, specifically, such beards are something of institution, are studiously nurtured by many fishermen during the long, wearying cruises over the vast oceanic expanse between San Diego and equatorial Galapagos Islands. Bode,34, member of the fleet since 1945, sailed aboard *Rajo* and *Southern Cross before* joining *Mauritania*, and had served with Chief Engineer Charles Kaufman from start of graceful Avondale-built vessel's career more than year previous. Bode is married, his daughter, Belinda, 5, and son, Frederick August Bode, III, 9. During month foodstuffs throughout the nation took sharp downward price dive. Tuna prices, after a bit of wavering, remained at even keel. Production of canned tuna in State for 1947 reached all-time heights with 5,344,950 cases, according to reports released in March. Pack represented increase of 775,958 cases, or, about 17 per cent increase over 1946 output. Figures released by California Fish Canners Association, Terminal Island. Association also stated California mackerel pack was twice that of 1946. Petitions for Proposition 15, smashed by voters November 2, 1948, got into circulation.

APRIL

NATIONAL Fisheries Institute annual convention was held in San Francisco during April, 1948. Superimposed on picture of famous Golden Gate Bridge is one of O. L. Carr, then President of N.F.I. Event marked third of its kind for organization; Carr was succeeded by Carlton Crawford. Of paramount importance during March were two developments, both carried over into April. First was movement of organized sportsmen to "deep-freeze" great Southern California sardine fishery through initiative measure prohibiting use of purse seine and round haul nets from waters three miles out from San Simeon Point, and south to Mexican border. The second was disclosure of negotiations understood to be in progress for importation of refrigerated tuna from Japan. In former instance, entire industry vibrated with alarm, and work, mostly involving formulation of committees, was begun to combat the measure. News dissemination services were set up, public relations centers inaugurated, educational program, to be submitted to California voters, went into effect. Development No. 2, which was said to have been instituted by "San Pedro canners," drew direct opposition from most of field. George Wallace, then Manager, American Tunaboat Association, said he had been instructed by directors to advise Congress of "the extreme jeopardy to which such imports (Japanese tuna) would subject the U. S. investment in tuna clippers, approximating $45,000,000, and the livelihoods derived therefrom."



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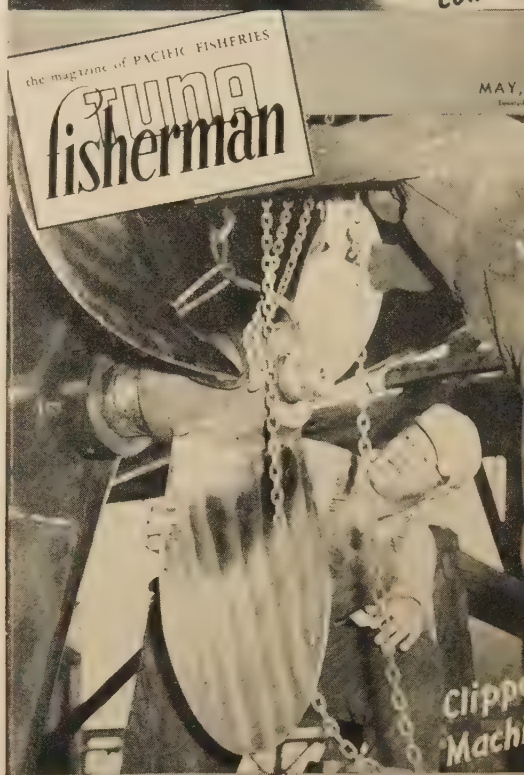
MAY

Staff photographer John deBeck caught outside machinist Orville Saulters and helper James Arrowsmith at work on *Sun Glow* (Sun Harbor) at Lynch Shipbuilding Plant for this cover shot. Owner of boat: Anthony D. Madruga. This was month in which magazine, *Tuna Fisherman*, was responsible, through editorial, for electrifying Southern California fishing industry into action against then "proposed measure, Proposition 15. Editorial, in part: "In California we face the Proposed Initiative Referendum measure, perhaps better described as the "Closures" act, by which deluded portions of some sportsmen's group are proposing to knife a large segment of our fishermen. It is not certain at this writing that this vicious measure will be allowed to go to a public vote, despite the tendency of many persons to sign referendum proposal lists without thinking. But the threat of so unfair and short-sighted a bill becoming law is enough to stir everyone who is interested in fish as a food! It is no longer a matter of some sporting gentlemen flexing their muscles through propaganda exerted on unthinking hunters and game fishermen. It's a matter of men being thrown out of work; of businesses faced with bankruptcy; of consumers forced to pay higher prices for food through increased operating costs and short-sighted procurement limitations. This proposed Sardine and Northern California Rivers closure measure is becoming more than a localized injury to the fishing industry."



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JUNE

Tunamag's cover for June was supplied by photographers of San Diego Harbor Department. Vigor and action strikingly combined in photo of fishermen poling in tuna on typical strike run through school. Month marked another editorial blast by publication. It ran: "The sport fishermen, those gay lads who like to go out and lug home a boatload of fish so long as its strictly 'in fun,' have been doing a lot of screaming about the poor 1947-48 sardine season. 'The fish ain't there,' seems to be their slogan, and they propose forthwith to slash into ribbons the livelihood of thousands of men and women depending upon commercial sardine fishing, urging the State to adopt a rigid, arbitrary permanent law of closure via referendum. In striking contrast to the violent attitude taken by sportsmen, we (Magazine *Tuna Fisherman*) call attention of industry and lay citizens alike to a report prepared recently by Paul G. Pinsky and Wayne Ball of the California CIO Research Department. This careful analysis, entitled 'The California Sardine Fishery,' listed, as a review of the biological, statistical, and environmental information about the California sardine, was issued in concert by the California Fish Canners Association, Terminal Island; Fishermen's Cooperative Association of San Pedro and the International Fishermen and Allied Workers of America, Local 33 (CIO), San Pedro. Here we find in heavily documented and carefully reasoned studies a dispassionate and intelligent approach to the goal so earnestly sought by all of us—a bountiful natural sea food supply properly sustained and harvested for the good of all."

ted To The Industrial Advancement Of A Great Industry

See Page 16

ted To The Industrial Advancement Of A Great Industry

Dedicated To The

JULY

MRS. IDA VELOZ, at Monterey plant of Hovden Food Products Corporation, is lady on the cover for July. In employ of Hovden's since July 13, 1937, she had been married, by time picture was taken, for eleven years, had two children, boy 10, and girl 7. Magazine featured Mrs. Veloz at time when advertisements in national magazines throughout nation were publicizing "Models Who Are Mothers," suggested Mrs. Veloz, while not exactly a model, was singularly beautiful mother. She is of Portuguese extraction, her husband, a material and supply company worker, is of Spanish descent. *The Sherry Ann Fights Back!* An article by J. Cole on determined stand of Herve Petrich's nervy bait boat, brought forth maelstrom of comment. Vessel's owners, aroused over what they termed "outrageous personal property tax structure for commercial fishing craft in various California counties," singled out San Diego as the "worst offender," bypassed the city, then harpooned the county with a refund suit. The property tax on boats, passed by referendum in 1935 by voters in an apparent move to pipeline a big take of tuna gold into county and city treasuries by levying against craft registered outside California, had been extremely unpopular, and threatened, during the month, to result in a "mass migration" of tuna boats from the San Diego area.

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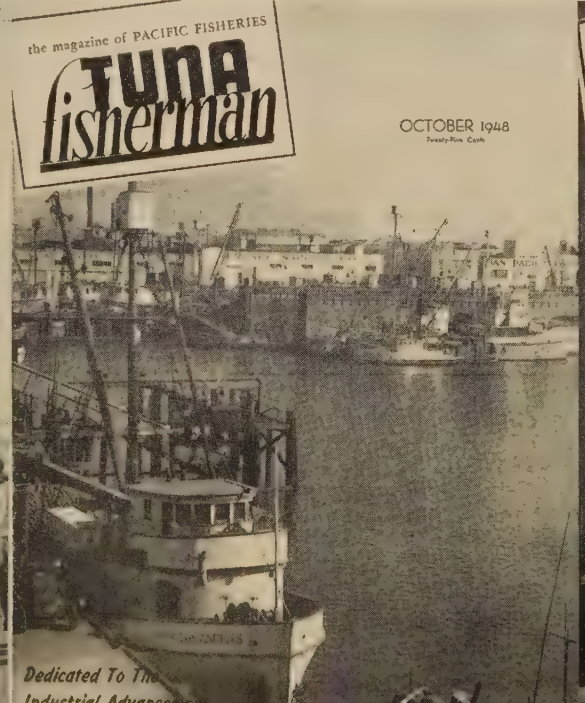
AUGUST

Three of magazine Tuna Fisherman's cameras were focused on *Scarlet Queen,* largest tuna boat afloat, when big vessel neared San Diego Harbor prior to July 3, 1948, christening. Shutters clicked as pictures made from all angles. Camera boat gained positions which made good pictures, process of elimination to get most suitable one for the cover was long one. Advent of *Coronado,* a practical dream from board of Arthur DeFever, noted naval architect, made pages of magazine this month. *Exploration,* a story of tuna fishing developments in New England by Frank E. Firth, Cuprinol Division, Darworth, Incorporated, was widely discussed. Joe Medina and Joe Marques, well-known San Diego fishermen, returned with tale of their whaling successes while on vacation in Azores. Using spears Marques got a 60-foot, 200-ton sperm whale on first try; Medina speared six of the monsters.



Dedicated To The

SEPTEMBER

One of many interesting sights found along waterfront for idle observer, or Tunamag's cameraman, John deBeck, is loading of nets aboard purse seiners. Here deBeck caught crew members of *Francis* piling nets. Vessel is owned by Camarada brothers, San Diego. This month magazine went all out against Proposition 15; featured, within its columns, three stories and editorial dealing with measure. First was interview with Les Balinger, who called Bill "chaotic," predicted passage would idle 12,000 fishery workers in Southern California. Second dealt with political stand on measure; drew into controversy opinions by then Rep. Charles K. Fletcher, State Assemblyman Captain Frank Luckel, State Senator Fred H. Kraft, and Congressional candidate Clinton V. McKinnon. Fletcher informed magazine's reporters he would "study" the Bill to see if it is of magnitude to include Tidelands Issue.

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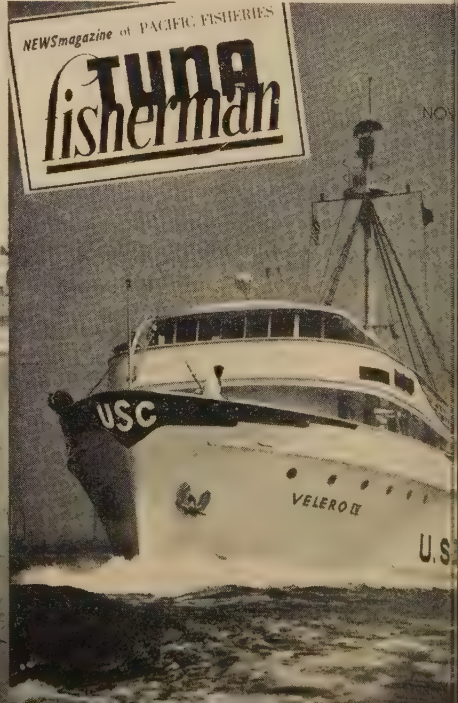
OCTOBER

This month's cover is "gull's eye" view taken from the French Sardine Company building on busy, bustling Tuna Street, Terminal Island. Background shows three major canneries engaged in production of canned sardines and other sea foods. In foreground is typical purse seiner; one of large fleet plying trade between fishing grounds and Terminal Island. In same issue, magazine announced decision to write histories of Great Pacific Coast Ports, first of which came out in December, 1948, number; Harold F. Cary succeeded George Wallace as manager, American Tunaboat Association, and publication continued blast against Proposition 15.

☆

NOVEMBER

Gliding out of Tunamag's cover for November is National Iron Works' prized construction job, *Velero, IV,* Marine Research craft for University of Southern California. A complete marine laboratory, *Velero* has flowing lines of big, modern tuna boat, but interior was completely taken up by latest scientific equipment. Designed by G. Bruce Newby, naval architect, the 110-foot addition to fisheries exploration is fast, compact. Photo by Allied Craftsmen, San Diego. In this issue, *Tuna Fisherman* analyzed visit of Julius Krug, Secretary of Interior, who was somewhat taken to task over Japanese situation by San Diego's fishing bigwigs.



EBB 'N FLOW

(In December)

Destruction. The *Paramount*, a sleek white tuna clipper, arrived in San Diego, California, from the Galapagos Islands, carrying 215 tons of tuna but minus their scouting plane. Lost in an 80-mile gale off Acapulco, Mexico, the engine and pontoon were the only parts salvaged when huge waves swept over the vessel and ripped out the lashings of the $6000 plane. The boat was flooded with two feet of water at the peak of the storm. The *Paramount* arrived in port with other tuna clippers, including the *Corsair*, *Sun Dora*, and the *Olympic*. Captain of the 132-foot *Paramount*, Joe Madruga, said he and the helmsman locked themselves in the wheelhouse of the vessel to prevent being washed overboard.

Propositions. High Seas Tuna Packing Company, at the foot of Canon Street, San Diego, California, offered to make improvements on its plant to the tune of $150,000 if the city would grant it continued use of its present tideland location. The firm's lease from the Harbor Commission terminated December 31, 1948. But, even though denied the extension of their lease, Glenn A. Rick, city planning director, reported that the company yet had the alternative of moving to a south-bay location. The Harbor Department virtually okayed the plant's operation on a month-to-month basis, pending the ultimate decision by the City Council after a probable public hearing.

Succession. Succeeding Ewart W. Goodwin in the San Diego, California, Chamber of Commerce presidency at the New Year was Harold B. Starkey, president of the First Federal Savings and Loan Association, San Diego, and co-partner in the Starkey Investment Company. Elected by the Chamber's new board of directors, civic-minded Starkey outlined an eight point program which looked good to the tax-payers of the Border City. Of particular interest to the fishing industry was number two promise on his long list of intended changes: "The organization will seek to improve San Diego Harbor facilities and freight traffic." The new Chamber head is a native of Grayville, Ill., but moved to San Diego 46 years ago, when he was six years old. He was educated in San Diego, is married, has four sons, and resides at 21 F Street, Chula Vista.

Damage. Fish nets valued at $15,000 were burned beyond repair in a garage at 242 W. Grape Street, San Diego, California. Cause of the fire was undetermined. The garage, owned by Mrs. L. De Maria, of 1520 Columbia St., San Diego was packed to the hilt with nets which were owned by Mrs. De Maria's son, Pete De Maria, of 1765 Union St. The nets apparently had been flaming for several minutes before the blaze was noticed by a neighbor, who called police. Firemen worked toward salvaging at least part of the hundreds of yards of fishing nets.

Loser. The Russians, subject of controversy between leading nations of the world, who managed to throw their stumbling-blocks into the latest World War II peace negotiations, received a thumbs-down on their bid to obtain fishing rights from Ecuador, a State Department fisheries expert reported.

Lion Hunt. Ending its third "hunting trip," the fishing boat, *Two Sisters*, arrived in San Diego, California, bearing an unusual cargo: Seventeen sea lions caught in the Coronado Islands. Hance Pedersen, skipper of the vessel, was accompanied on the hunt by John Zolezzi, veteran sea lion hunter. The "catch" was turned over to the San Diego city Zoo, which will keep them long enough to accustom them to captivity, then sell them to other Zoos, or trade them for other animals.

Plans. Construction of a new 1260-foot jetty along the San Diego, California, *Embarcadero*, was planned by the Harbor Commission to give 70 percent of San Diego's fishing fleet a calm water haven. Current plans had it that the jetty would start near the ramp of the present Coast Guard Air Station and extend as far as the foot of Grape Street. Providing permanent anchorage for the majority of the fishing fleet, the jetty would run about 400 feet off the present Embarcadero. The Harbor Commission also gave the green light to the following three projects for next year: 1—extend the Twenty-eighth St. Pier about 125 feet, thus making the entire pier 1800 feet long. 2—Construct the first 400 foot Tenth Ave. industrial pier. 3—Reclaim about 48 acres of the tideland areas, for industrial sites and use. The latter project would cost about $175,000.

Chapman

" . . . Discussion Can Be Premature."

Discussion. Dr. W. W. Chapman, Special Assistant to the Undersecretary of State, stepped off the train in San Diego, on his way from Washington to San Francisco, where he talked before the California State Chamber of Commerce. As usual, industry leaders wanted to know what he thought about the Japanese situation, and a few were alarmed over reports that Russia was planning to become active in the Pacific fisheries field. Regarding the Japanese, Chapman told all and sundry bluntly that it would "take study, and any discussion would serve to notify countries that will be affected until the proper time." Discussion at this moment, especially that which had to do with Japan's steadily-climbing fishing industry, would "be unwise." He dismissed reports that Russia was stepping into the Pacific field, with the observation, "Russia is having too much trouble with its own fisheries to become active on the opposite side of the Pacific." And he told the C of C group in San Francisco flatly that "overfishing threatens possible depletion of many species of fish."

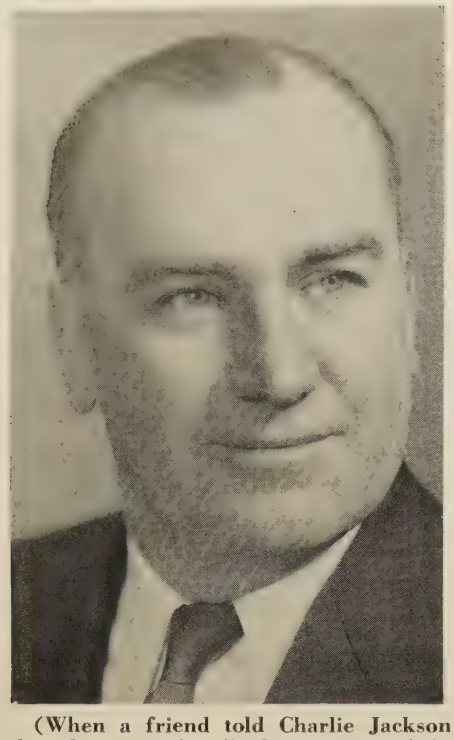
More Enterprise. The new democratic-tinged government of Tahiti sided in with a large American fishing organization to do some tuna business down there, and the hue and cry for

(Continued on page 51)

SILHOUETTE

Charles

Workhorse of



(When a friend told Charlie Jackson that he was the "only genuine fishmonger I know," the gentleman wasn't exaggerating too much. Although Charlie, so far as is known, has never hawked fish on the streets for a retail price, his constant drumming on the subject would do credit to any of the old boys in the old days.)

By JOHN SPRINGER
Marine Press Staff Writer

WHEN Charlie Jackson, a shrewd, vigorous, South Carolinan who, at 50, is General Manager of National Fisheries Institute and one of commercial fishing's most articulate advocates of sea food as an edible, was a student at National University Law School in Washington, D. C., the chief criticism leveled at him by colleagues was that he had so little time for play. In 1922, when he was Secretary to Senator E. D. Smith, also of his home state, word got around that, even though nice-tempered, his capacity for labor would get him either a Puzzle Factory or a premature death. Three weeks ago, when most people were buying Christmas presents they couldn't afford, he was visited at his Washington, D. C. office by Carlton Crawford, President of NFI, and a man who is no mean hand, himself, at working the clock around. "That 'so-and-so'," complained Crawford, "nearly beat me to my knees. Apparently he doesn't know yet that there is such a thing as slackening up for at least one holiday a year. When I returned to my home in Palacios, Texas, I slept for two days, and I still feel like taking a month's vacation."

Charlie's attitude toward long hours has been considered by some observers as the oddest element in his character. The so-called *dignity* of labor, for one thing, is completely lost on him. Diligence and application, so far as they impress the boss, are things which, apparently, he has never considered, and the fact that his tireless flailing has been responsible for a comfortable home in Chevy Chase, Maryland, a nice car and a re-assuring bank account, is a knowledge that obviously has not occurred to him, either. The gay disclosure by some businessmen, "Pshaw! Work keeps me out of the doctors' hands," leaves him with a stony look, and no one yet has heard him complain about being "worn out." He works, purely and simply, because he likes it, was trained to like it, and has never got over the habit.

Charlie was born in Columbia, South Carolina, September 2, 1898, of conglomerate American stock dating so far back that his mother, who married again at the death of his father, can scarcely remember when his ancestors first took root there. His father was a pioneer electrician in the South, and occupied a first-class position in the early-day installations of lighting systems in Savannah, Jacksonville and other southern cities. Sharp, astute, and a detailist, he managed to instill in Jackson *fils* a feeling for business administration that Charlie has not forgotten to this day, and, too, it is to this gentleman that Charlie primarily owes his capacity for labor. Jackson *pere*, so the records go, was as much a work horse as his son turned out to be, and he was not above lecturing Charlie periodically on the good that can come from not "expecting anything that you don't work for—and hard." The advice so impressed Charlie, that it was responsible, in a large degree, for the success he later enjoyed in the newspaper and advertising field in his home town, and for the cramming, while still earning a living, he was forced to undergo in getting his LL.B., for the explosive, 'round-the-clock promotional campaigns he directed in behalf of Senator Smith, and for capabilities which he was able to demonstrate in snagging, in succession, the lucrative jobs as Clerk to the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce, and, later, as clerk to the Senate Committee on Agriculture in the Truman Administration shortly after the death of President Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

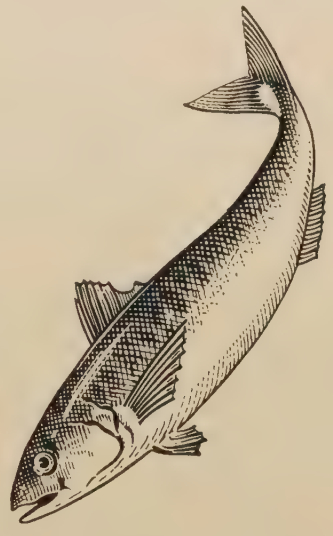
Although admitted to the District of Columbia bar in 1927, Charlie's professional interpretations of the law have been scanty. Business administration, with its hodge-podge sidelights such as promotions, advertising, public relations and production, has always been, with a minimum of wavering, his idea of what a man should do for a living, and, in 1933, he took the step that eventually led to his job with the powerful National Fisheries Institute; a job that has made him one of the most widely-respected men in the fishing industry. In May of that year, of course, he was appointed by President Roosevelt as Deputy Commissioner of Fisheries, and the ins and outs captured his imagination to such an extent, in fact, that there has been hardly a day since wherein he missed (1) unearthing some angle to make people eat more sea food, (2), Ferreting out an hitherto unknown but interesting fact about sea food that can be used to sell more sea food, (3), Heckling government interpretors of sea food laws on the subject that to *see* food is to think of *sea* food, and to think of sea food calls for laws making it easier for fishermen to see more sea food, and, (3), bellowing in stentorian tones about the sea and its food being the last food frontier. An example of Charlie's duck-to-water role in the fish business is illustrated by the fact that Roosevelt, who, regardless of what his critics may say, had the faculty for recognizing potentialities, appointed him again, on August 23, 1937, as one of three American members of the International Pacific Salmon Fisheries Commission. By that time his future plans for the Atlantic and Pacific oceans had so affected fellow-members at the American Bar Association, Washington; the Explorer's Club, American Fisheries Society, Outdoor Writers of America, Izaak Walton League, American Wildlife Institute, Washington Chapter of the Kiwanis Club, American Trade Association Executives, University Club

Jackson:

rhing Industry

and Kenwood Country Club, that a friend told him: "Charlie, accept my congratulations. You are the only genuine fish-monger alive." This opinion which, it is safe to say, was fairly representative of Charlie's enthusiasm at the time, may or may not have been heard by Roosevelt. But, on January 27, 1939, he appointed Charlie to the post of Acting Commissioner of Fisheries, a job that called for a high order of tact and diplomacy, a knowledge of the subject, a hand at pacification, and, above all, the realization that the position, at all times, was un-fitted for kids play or politics. Charlie made the grade in a little under six years; a record that has caused some talk to the effect that he is more than a little efficient. But he was yet to move up before he left the Government payroll.

In June, 1940, the Government set in motion a movement to combine the Bureau of Fisheries and the Bureau of Biological Survey. Later in the same year, after a series of squabblings and dissensions that would have silenced the workmen on the Tower of Babel, the two agencies were melted down to form the current Fish and Wildlife Service in the United States Department of the Interior. Charlie, who, meantime, had developed a correspondence with foreign and domestic fishing agencies to a point wherein his office looked like a paper stock warehouse, was oblivious to the development until, one day, he was called in and made Assistant Director of the new organization. In this capacity he was held almost entirely responsible for fisheries work, a form of functioning which called for additional tact and diplomacy, additional knowledge of the subject, two hands at pacification, and acceptance of the fact that life, at times, can be surprisingly un-beautiful. He took it in stride, however, and to such an extent that, on July 21, 1942, he was appointed, by Executive Order, to the post of Assistant Deputy Coordinator of Fisheries. Moreover, he still served on the various committees to which he had been appointed; in fact, his resignation from the International Pacific Salmon Fisheries Commission didn't take effect until March 19, 1946, and he didn't quit the International Fisheries Commission until late in 1947, a matter of seven years removed from his appointment thereupon February 1, 1940. These Committee jobs, which he dismisses as "incidental though interesting and important," are, as the records show, but a small portion of the Committee work which Charlie took on during those years. Indeed, his rat-catching in Washington remains something of a legend. During this tenure, as an example, he found time to tour Alaska, in connection with fishing regulations, and to make four trips to the Pribilof Islands to supervise the fur seal herd activities there. His overall operations, while an employe of the Government, are too numerous, naturally, to list here. However, these functions, coupled to his well-known labors with National Fisheries Institute, would



seem to indicate that, through the years, he has not been in too much of a rut. NFI, quite reasonably, considers him one of its most valuable assets, a form of appraisal that makes sense when NFI's sharp climb in membership, since he took over September 1, 1945, is considered. True, the organization was able to comfortably pay its bills long before Charlie's advent. But it is certain that his perpetual motion, peculiar talent for behind-the-scenes promotion, and his internationally-recognized reputation as an authority on fisheries matters, has had much to do with NFI's present world-wide acceptance. Like so many Americans of his industrial ilk, his career, logically enough, has been aided materially by the circumstances of birth and environment—e. g., a huge (six-foot, one-inch, 225-pound) frame, pleasant features, a convincing vocabulary, an honest liking for people, and an entirely respectable family.

ON January 20, 1923, in fact, Charlie married Mary Gertrude Orr of Atlanta, Georgia. Mrs. Jackson's father was a judge, who once held out a helping hand to another young lawyer, Woodrow Wilson. Her grandfather was the first of Georgia's State Superintendents of Education, and the bulk of her family yet is engaged in various educational enterprises, with an uncle established in Atlanta, Georgia, Law School. The Jackson's have four children. They are Charles, Jr., a graduate of United States Naval Academy, now a real estate salesman in Washington, D. C., Harold, 19, a student of University of the South, Sewanee, Tennessee; Patsy, 18, who currently is finishing her senior year at Wilson High School, Washington, and Martha, 11, a singularly busy Girl Scout. So far as Charlie's domestic likes and dislikes are concerned, Mrs. Jackson admits he is relatively easy to keep in good humor around the house. "As long as he gets plenty of shell-fish and green salads and a hands-off attitude in his gardening, he's not too intractable," she explains. Charlie's idea of real honest-to-god art are pin-ups, and he reads everything from Diamond Dick to the comic strips and back to newspaper editorials. He likes fishing as a sport, drives a Buick automobile like a man pursued by the Headless Horseman, stopped smoking last July 5 because he felt it interfered with his wind while surf-bathing, and exudes a pride-of-possession interest in National Fisheries Institute's suite of offices at 724 Ninth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., that possibly is second only to that of the designing architect who laid them out. These units house all of NFI's activities, including advertising, and the staff consists of Raymond E. Steele, General Counsel; Murray Wheeler, Publicity and Advertising Director; Miss Joan Krentzlin, Office Manager, and seven others. Charlie's office is equipped with a teletype machine, which he uses in daily contact with NFI's only other office at San Francisco. This post is operated by Mal Xavier, West Coast Field Representative, and was set up to accelerate service for NFI membership out west, and to maintain liaison between the two points on overall fishing matters.

(*Continued on page 59*)

FACT

Your Net Can Last Longer!

Under ordinary circumstances, *Pan-American Fisherman* would print an article of this sort (which, in one sense, is a plug for a product) in the *Men and Machinery* section; a department devoted to explanations of what the publication considers worthy equipment, or, as the case may be, talent of an outstanding nature. Rarely indeed does the magazine permit other than 100 per cent news and feature material in the columns allocated to this type of editorial matter. The following article, however, is of a nature so instructive, and the product of a such singularly outstanding quality, that an exception has been made. It was written by Frank E. Firth, Cuprinol Division, Darworth, Inc.

•

PRESERVATION of fish nets is an old practice developed from the necessity for protecting vegetable fibres, from which netting is made, against the deteriorating effects of sea water, air and sunlight. One need only to see the multiplicity of recipes for curing or preserving nets to be convinced that the process appears to be in the same class as the home treatment of diseases. Each locality has its own recipes, or formulas, which are tenaciously adhered to, and believed in. The fisherman's efforts to make his expense and labor count for more by prolonging the life of his net, and reducing costs, account for the many preservatives existing today.

In the United States, as in other countries possessed of abundant fisheries resources, vast quantities of netting are required and utilized in catching fish. The burden of supplying demands of the consumer has become more concentrated on special kinds of nets, made of various kinds and grades of fibers. Since the waters, in which the fisheries flourish, vary from tropical to arctic conditions, such factors as strength and durability have become paramount to the fish net employed. Protection from organisms, which destroy nets during long exposures in water, is of vast importance. The primary objective in application of a protective coating, or an impregnation into the net twines, is to increase the life of the material in service. Coatings such as coal tar, wood and pine tar, and similar materials, have been used for the principal reason that they are relatively cheap, slightly toxic, and aid in reducing the abrasion on the net twines. Practically all fixed, or stationary, gear has at some time been treated with such materials. Other types of preservatives, which are absorbed into the fibers of fish netting, such as copper oleate, copper naphthenate, water gas tar, creosote, coal oil, pine tar oil, cutch, or tanbark, and countless manufactured products composed of the same basic materials, are used where protection against fungii and bacterial attacks are sorely needed. These attacks reduce the strength of untreated netting in comparatively short periods.

There are many factors involved in selection of an ideal fish net preservative. A satisfactory preservative, or treatment, should completely penetrate the fibers, leaving the net thoroughly flexible, materially retard marine growths and prevent bacterial infection; act as a binder for the fibers; not greatly increase the weight of the original white netting; be easily applied, without the necessity of any other equipment than a dipping tank; and noticeably extend the life of the netting. The treatment or preservative should be of a color acceptable to the fishermen. The net should be easy to handle. Oxidation of the cellulose in the fibers should be minimized, and after treating the knots should not tend to slip. Furthermore, and most important, *the netting must catch fish*, a property not always possessed in nets treated with certain preservatives.

One of the earliest means of effecting preservation was that of tanning nets with extracts from the bark of various trees. This method originated with the old Norse fishermen, and still is in use in the industry. Since more effective coatings later were found to be more desirable, a study was made to determine which materials would fulfill all demands, and yet allow the lines to remain sufficiently flexible. Copper-oleate first resulted from these studies. This material has been in use for quite a few years, but is losing ground to newer products because of the rapidity with which these copper soaps wash out of the fibers. It also caused slippage of the knots in the netting, and there have been cases reported of net deterioration due to the oxidation of the fibers in storage. Eventually, a few fishermen used coal tar as a binder for the copper-oleate, but results were not as good as expected.

Tarring has certain definite disadvantages because the weight of the net is usually doubled, and the nature of the material makes it very difficult and messy to handle. Moreover, since it must

(*Continued on Page 49*)

Nets, such as that shown in the adjoining photograph, are costly to replace. Prevention of premature replacement can only be assured by proper handling and treatment.

Bibliography and Acknowledgment

For this first installment of the San Diego Harbor story, it was necessary to lean heavily, if not to impose outright, on the patience of several individuals. Among them were Malcolm Donnelley, Bureau Manager, *United Press Associations*, San Diego; Albert W. Wiese, Night Manager, *United Press Associations*, San Diego; Cecil Drake, Drake & Bullen; James Clifford Safley, Managing Editor, San Diego *Union* newspaper; Harold F. Cary, General Manager, American Tunaboat Association; John Bate, Port Director, San Diego Harbor Department; Norman Ryan, Assistant Traffic Manager, San Diego Harbor Department, and Mayor Harley E. Knox of San Diego. The writers are grateful indeed for their kindness and assistance. Bibliographic reference included *History of San Diego County*, Carl Heilbron; *History of San Diego*, William E. Smythe; *Where California Began*, Sinifred Davidson; *Harbor of the Sun*, Max Miller; *City of San Diego and San Diego County*, Clarence Alan McGrew; *History of California*, H. H. Bancroft; *Port of San Diego*, (1941 edition) San Diego Harbor Commission; *Port of San Diego*, (1948 edition) San Diego Harbor Commission; *Port of San Diego, California*, Port Series No. 27, Army Engineers Corps and United States Maritime Commission; *Why It Was Done and How*, Rep. William Kettner; *History of San Diego*, H. C. Hopkins; *San Diego, A California City*, Federal Writers' Project; and to the files of San Diego *Union* and *Tribune-Sun* newspapers; the United States Navy, San Diego Harbor Department, United States Coast Guard, United States Army, San Diego Chamber of Commerce and San Diego-California Club.

FOREWORD

Honorable Harley E. Knox, Mayor

Any miner of historical fact would discover a challenge in handling even a relatively unimportant phase of San Diego's harbor development. Which is to say that, since its very beginning, there have been enough apparently unrelated elements involved to demand an encyclopedia of the subject. In composing this series, therefore, the writers found it necessary not only to cram and pack fact wherever possible, but to do so, in some instances, at the risk of ignoring color and romantic detail. More, the harbor's background was found so curry-combed by histories of appalling length that research time grew short, and it was decided, in the interest of accuracy, to break the article into two installments. The first, which treats with the harbor's inception and ends with a few words on the Navy's hand in the pie, is featured in this issue. The concluding installment, involving more of the Navy, the Army, future of the port, (as it is seen by various civic leaders) its commercial fishing and fishing's allied industries, will appear in *Pan-American's* February edition. There is, of course, very little continuity in either of the articles, and none was particularly attempted. But the basic facts, insofar as they were available, are in both.

Port of San Diego

Still Embryonic After More Than 400 Years, Its Harbor Is A Potential Gold Mine

By JOHN SPRINGER and SEYMOUR FRANCIS

INCEPTION

SAN Diego Harbor has chalked up so many firsts during its history that, except for the minor fact that its commercial waterborne traffic is far from what it could be, it might be called the First Port of the Pacific. Considered from the standpoint of chronology, it *is* the First. That inquisitive Portuguese explorer, Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, barged into the harbor just ahead of a storm back in late September, 1542, and discovered what all probers, pirates, and honest men have found since—a haven from the winds and fresh supplies for ship and crew. This was the first harbor in what is now California to be visited by Cabrillo, an event which backs up the Chamber of Commerce statement that there is Where California Began. But it may be said that things might have been different if the 1849 Border Commission had decided to put that line down by Ensenada instead of a league south of the bay. Actually, despite all the reverence which is mouthed about Cabrillo, his journey was pretty much of a flop, and there is comparatively little in San Diego which pays him honor. There's a softstone, patched-up statue which Colonel Ed Fletcher helped get down here after the San Francisco Exposition. There are four businesses in San Diego and one in LaJolla named for Cabrillo, first Portuguese to arrive here, and Cabrillo Avenue is not too far from the LaJolla Country Club. There is Cabrillo National Monument, smallest national park in the country, where the misnamed Old Spanish Lighthouse attracts half a million tourists a year and where, someday, that soft statue of Juan Rodriguez may sit and perhaps be pulled apart by visitors.

Cabrillo stayed for six days. He named the place San Miguel, a designation which remained on his error-laden charts for something like sixty years, when Don Sebastion Vizcaino, a dough-heavy adventurer who had outfitted his own expedition without much attention to the cost, changed the name to San Diego, in honor of the recently-canonized Franciscan, St. James of Alcala, whose feast day came and passed during the time that Sr. V.'s three vessels were anchored behind Punta de los Guijarros. He chose that name because of the cobblestones there, but it's been known more recently as Ballast Point because ships loaded up with stones for ballast prior to their trips back to the east coast. Cabrillo's expedition had been hunting gold for Spain. Vizcaino's party was looking for a place of refuge where treasure-heavy galleons could protect their gold from pirates. The Spanish had been having a bit of trouble with these sea-going bandits, who had developed a somewhat nasty habit of intercepting the vessels as they were on their way from the Philippines to the homeland. Vizcaino agreed with Cabrillo's early diagnosis of the bay. Vizcaino, as a matter of fact, went a little further than Cabrillo, and said flatly:

"The harbor is the best in the whole South Sea, for besides being protected on all sides and having good anchorage, it is in latitude 33½ degrees. It has very good water, many fish of all kinds, of which we caught many with seine and hooks." That last statement could be used by an alert press agent who ignores facts to prove that Don Sebastian was the first sports fisherman—as perhaps he was.

Those two expeditions were the only ones until 1767 and 1768, about 165 years later. Aside from scaring a few nondescript superstitious Indians, marking up charts with erroneous data regarding location of the harbor, and taking back information to which no one of that day paid much attention, the explorers Cabrillo and Vizcaino might just as well have stayed at home—except, of course, that their work gave Spain possession of this land, a fact which was not exploited until 1769. The only outside visitors during those 167 years were the grey whales which passed along the coast and came into the bay to calve. They went south in December to February, north in March and April. Sea otters dozed in the kelp beds of Point Loma, undisturbed by any ocean traffic, but harassed at times by the Indians. Point Loma was loaded with trees —like oak and others—which presumably burned during a big forest fire. A great many charred stumps have been found on the Point. Mud flats bordered the bay. The channel was narrow and the bay nothing like today's great harbor.

If the arrivals and departures of Cabrillo and Vizcaino proved to be topics of conversation among the Indians for generations after the events — as they probably were—then the Sacred Expedition of Galvez must have brought life to what had been merely folk lore. It is pretty well established by now that the Indians have never been the same since the arrival of the land and sea divisions of this expedition, organized by Don Jose de Galvez and the Franciscan missionary, Junipero Serra, to carry out the mandate of Spain's King, Carlos III, that it was time to implement the work of the early explorers with occupation of the ports of San Diego and Monterey. Until now, Spain held title by right of discovery, but England and Russia were

Seen beneath the stern of a Greek vessel tied up at "B" Street Pier, is the Civic Center Building, which houses the City and County administrative offices.

San Diego has always been a lumber port. Even today one finds the embarcadero piled high with shingles and boards, just as in the days gone by.

casting covetous eyes at some of her possessions. So the order came down, and Galvez, the Visitador General (Royal Inspector), got going. First, he came to Mexico, found Serra already there, and anxious to participate in the program.

THEY began planning in 1768, and, within a few months, the parties were ready to shove off. Early in 1769, the ships *San Carlos* and *San Antonio* sailed from La Paz and San Jose del Cabo. A third vessel, the *San Jose*, started out later, but was lost at sea. Two land parties headed north during that spring; one under the leadership of Don Gaspar de Portola, the other under command of Captain Fernado Rivera y Moncado. The land parties fared well enough, and reached San Diego in May and June, to find the *San Antonio* and *San Carlos* already here. The crews of those two ships were scurvy ridden, and only four of the San Carlos were able to stand when she reached port. The sick were taken to a hastily-built canvas hospital at the foot of what is now Market Street, and there many of them died and were buried .Thereafter, the spot became known on Spanish charts as Punta de los Muertos, or Deadman's Point, a name which has carried to this day through work of historical societies and the automobile club. Within the next few weeks the town of San Diego was established, a fort was built, and Serra began the work which resulted ultimately in California's chain of missions.

The water route from the bay to the town was across what later was mapped as Hayes' Slough and up the river which, at that time, came into the bay a little south of the present site of the Naval Training Center. This route was still in use late in the 19th century. Life in San Diego in those days was on the leisurely side, and the Spanish apparently didn't give a thought to fortifying the harbor until British Captain George Vancouver visited the port and remarked that San Diego was the least important town on the coast. He pointed to the fact that it was five miles from the port at Ballast Point, and was defended only by three small brass cannon at the Presidio. But ,he went on, it would not be too difficult to give the little town considerable strength, and his advice to establish a small force at the entrance to the port was taken to heart, though somewhat reluctantly. At any rate, in 1795, two years after Vancouver's visit, Ballast Point was selected as the site of Fort Guijarros.

Construction of the fort was an all-California affair. Monterey sent down some timbers and laborers. Santa Barbara provided wheels and axeltrees for carts. San Diego's Indians sat on the presidio and made adobe brick and tile, which were loaded on a flatboat and floated across to the Point. All was done under the goading of the somewhat fearful Commandante, Crajero, who had received word that the British planned to attack the area; fears that were not eased one whit by the arrival, while the fort was still under construction, of a British sloop-of-war. But the sloop left without incident, the fort was completed, and the Commandante breathed easier. He placed great reliance on the battery of brass guns installed in the fort, and he felt sure that if any British showed up in anger they would depart in sorrow.

Nothing happened, however, and it was not until 1803 that the guns were fired in anger, and then at an American vessel. In the intervening years, the American smuggler *Betsy* and the *Enterprise* dropped in, were denied permission to stay, and went on. These two craft weren't too anxious to stay anyway, because their holds were loaded with sea otter pelts which were considered the property of Spain. Actually, a lot of palm-crossing as well as double-crossing went on before the Spanish troops at the fort began blazing away at the ship *Lelia Byrd*, which, it must be admitted, was in San Diego for no good. The *Lelia Byrd*, under command of Captain William Shaler, was a ship-rigged brig. She carried a crew of thirteen, and had, as armament, six three-pound guns. If she wasn't an out-and-out smuggler, then she and her crew knew enough of that nefarious business to keep from starving. And the crew's mind, when she came into the harbor on March 17, 1803, was on sea otter skins, a favorite cargo in those days because they brought in scads of cash.

Shaler and his first mate and co-owner, Richard J. Cleveland, got word of the sea otter operation while they were taking on supplies at San Blas, and they decided to come to San Diego, put their wits against the local residents, and grab any extra sea otter skins that might be around the area. They had high hopes of success, for they planned to repeat her certain sly stratagems which had stood them in good stead in other Mexican ports. Commandante of San Diego at the time was one Don Manuel Rodriguez, who had the somewhat uncommon ability of being able to strut while sitting down. The *Lelia Byrd* dropped her hook in the late afternoon, about a mile from the battery of Spanish guns.

RODRIGUEZ, of course, soon heard about the arrival, and early the next morning, accompanied by twelve dragoons in full regalia, dashed like a conquering hero to the Point, where the *Lelia Byrd's* small boat already had put ashore. Rodriguez spotted it and swept up with a demand that he be taken to the ship to see the captain, a demand that was promptly fulfilled, even though his twelve sideboys jammed the small boat to the approximate appearance of a just-opened can of sardines. Rodriguez and Cleveland took an immediate dislike to each other. Cleveland vented his spleen in his dairy by describing the Commandante as an "exceedingly vain and pompous man, whose dress and every movement evinced the most arrant coxcomb." He meant, apparently, that he didn't like the guy. The feeling evidently was mutual. Rodriguez stomped aboard, stalked about the ship and declared that he was amazed that the Yankees had guts enough to make the trip to San Diego with such a small crew. Captain Shaler made the usual requests for supplies of water and wood, and Rodriguez swept his arm toward Point Loma. Following earlier-day orders, which barred the port to any but Spanish ships, he said: "You can go ashore there. I'll sell you wood and water. But you're to stay away from the presidio."

To make sure his orders were followed he left five of his dragoons aboard the brig, an action which, as it turned out, was his first mistake, because the dragoons got together later with Captain Shaler and some of the crew, split a couple of bottles and began batting the breeze. After Rodirguez departed Cleveland took a small party to check on the fort. He found eight brass nine pounders and a goodly supply of cannon balls, enough to give anyone pause. That night, warmed by the friendship of the Americanos, the Spanish guards aboard the *Lelia Byrd* let their tongues flap at both ends. The fact that Shaler spoke excellent Spanish and poured excellent drinks helped, of course, and

Built in 1932, by Lynch Construction Co., Broadway Pier made San Diego one of the most modern of the west coast shipping terminals for that time.

once Rodriguez' minions started talking there was no stopping them, even if the Americans had wanted to. They told secrets, the biggest being where Rodriguez, the arrogant, had stashed away several hundred otter skins a few days before; otter skins taken from the American ship *Alexander* which had been in the harbor a short time before Shaler and his boys showed up.

That secret was enough for Shaler. There was an exchange of favors, a crossing of soldierly palms, and Shaler sent a couple of boats ashore to get certain packages for which that exchange of favors had cleared the way. One of the two boats got back to the ship without incident, and the loot was hauled rapidly aboard because the crew knew the faster they did their work and got out, the better it would be for all hands. After the first boat was unloaded, the crew stood by waiting for the second. Hours later, they still were waiting. At dawn, where there still was no sign of it, Cleveland took four sailors and, in the early foggy light, went ashore on a recall mission. It didn't take long to find out the reason for the second boat had failed to show up. Its men had been trapped by the Spanish, tied hand and foot, and left on the beach all night.

While his four cohorts took care of the Spanish sentry, Cleveland disposed of any threat from the defenders' muskets by dipping them into the bay, and then rescuers and rescued rowed back to the *Lelia Byrd*, to get up sail, leave, and fast. But, as the sun came through the haze the wind died down, and the ship, even with all sail, was unable to do more than make steerage way. Word of the coup, by this time, had reached the presidio, and from the deck where they were praying for more wind, the American crew could see the residents of the little town streaming down the LaPlaya road to watch the fun. Still aboard were the five Spaniards who were supposed to guard the vessel. By now, of course, they had been disarmed and were captives of the Americans. This unhappy quintet was taken to the main deck where, just to make sure their

A "busy" section of the Harbor in the '90's.

buddies ashore knew they were hostages, they were lashed to the rigging in the most conspicuous and exposed places. The *Lelia Byrd* fought to get wind, but the wind refused to co-operate. It was a heartbreaking business, this slow-motion "dash" to the open sea, and the brig, in all truth, presented a perfect target as she edged slowly toward the fort.

THE fort's guns boomed out as the ship came abreast. Several of the balls struck the hull above the water line, but wads of oakum took care of the holes. The hostages, knowing this was no place for mariners who liked to remain healthy, must have been relieved when the *Lelia Byrd's* guns, all on the starboard side, spoke twice, and so loudly that the battle was over almost before it began. At the first shot, the hordes of San Diegans who had been having themselves a time took to their heels, disappointed in the manner in which their brave guardians took care of the Yankees. They had not expected the fire to be returned. The second broadside emptied the fort itself, and Cleveland reports in his record of the battle that those aboard could not see any living person in the fort except one soldier, "who stood on the ramparts, waving his hat, as if to desire us to cease firing." The Spanish guardians hadn't expected their fire to be returned, either. And so the *Lelia Byrd* left the bay. She dropped the five hostages on the beach, where, finding themselves still alive when they had been certain they were doomed, they hugged each other and gave a couple of cheers for the Americans before starting their long trude back to the presidio. The *Lelia Byrd* took to her heels, licked her wounds at sea, and continued on to China where she got rid of her cargo of sea otter pelts at fabulous prices. She returned later to California, though never again did she make so bold as to come to San Diego.

In a way, the incident of San Diego's first and only sea battle is somewhat comical, for no one was injured, unless it was the wounded vanity of the Commandante, and the full broadside of the fort inflicted such minor damage that it was repaired readily. But, for years, the battle provided a conversational high spot, as would anything that broke the monotony of the drab routine of life in San Diego. The years came and went without much incident, other than a tightening of regulations governing trade with the outside world. Spain, still fearful of covetous and jealous neighbors, ordered that even supplies of water and wood were to be refused any casual ocean-going visitors. There was a flurry of excitement in 1806 when a mystery ship entered the harbor and made threatening gestures that so worried the Commandante that he put his forces to work building trenches as a defense measure. But the stranger left and the town simmered down again. Another decade passed without much of note concerning the harbor, although, by 1816, world affairs were beginning to impinge a bit on table talk. There was word of risings in South America against Spanish rule, which was followed by information that a fleet of "patriot" South American vessels was on the way to seize all Spanish settlements in California.

The United States, still sweating out the problems of nationality, remained neutral in the disputes between Spain and her colonies, but many seafarers saw a chance to profit by Spain's troubles, and so fitted out ships which they used to prey on Spanish possessions. As might be expected, some of these came around the Horn and headed for California. One of these was commanded by the Frenchman, Hippolyte Bouchard, who was the skipper of the 44-gun ship, *Argentina*, and who has been described variously as a lover of independence and as a pirate. Accompanied by Peter Corney, an Englishman who commanded the *Santa Rosa*, Bouchard attacked several California settlements, among them Monterey and Refugio. These two he sacked, and then anchored off Santa Barbara, where he scared the pants off practically the entire population. The two ships, manned by polyglot crews, moved on to attack San Juan Capistrano, and it was then that San Diego began to fear for itself. The word went out that Bouchard planned to attack the port. Commandante Ruiz, loyal to Spain, ordered the residents of San Diego to take to the hills. They went to Pala.

Ruiz was confident that he, his soldiers and the battery at Fort Guijarros could provide a warm reception for Bouchard and his cohorts, a belief rather solidly based because he had ordered the cannon balls at the fort to be heated until they were red hot. All the preparations were for nothing. Bouchard, for some reason, changed his mind about the San Diego assault, and stayed far at sea on his trip south. The cannon balls cooled. The residents returned, and life went on drowsily. In 1821, Mexico replaced Spain as the top command, but it made little difference to San Diegans, who went right on ignoring every order that might change their easy way of life. The historian Bancroft says, rather pompously, that those were days of primitive simplicity, in which missionaries drew a heavy commerce from abroad that supplied many luxuries in exchange for the products of individual industry.

A major port project for 1937 was the development at the foot of 28th Street, for cannery and boatbuilding activities.

"THE arrival of a ship," he writes, "was more than a sensation. Its date served the memory to reckon ordinary events thereafter. And cold the heart not to relish the gayety and enjoyment that followed the dropping of the anchor at La Playa. Liberality on one side; unbounded hospitality on the other contributed to gild and prolong the festive hours."

It was during this period that San Diego got its first American resident, one Captain Henry Delano Fitch, whose fame today rests not so much on his shrewd trading ability, nor his skill at sea, as on the love affair he carried on with the settlement's beautiful Josefa Carrillo, despite the edict of the governor that there were to be no marriages with foreigners. The affair was love at first sight for both Fitch and the lady of his heart, but it took several maddening years to culminate their revolt against the governor's orders and her family's edicts. After many months, Fitch succeeded in getting a secret missive to her hands, and so were plans made for their wedding, to take place in April, 1829. But the governor heard about it, and sent a messenger to stop the ceremony. He burst in on the wedding, ordered that it be halted.

The bridegroom cursed, the bride wept; the priest and witnesses left. And then Josefa came up with an idea. "Why," she demanded through her tears, "don't you carry me off?" Fitch did just that, with the co-operation of a sympathetic relative who took her to the waterfront. There, he took her aboard the *Vulture*, which was standing by in the harbor, and they were married at sea. They were married again in a Roman Catholic church at Valparaiso, and months later came back to San Diego. Josefa wanted to make amends with her angry father, who had sworn to have the lives of both, but who forgot about his oath when the cards were down. Fitch was tried for the abduction, in a trial that, before it ended, had all of California talking about the course of true love. When it ended, Fitch still had his wife, but had to give, as penance, a bell for the church at Los Angeles, attend High Mass with Josefa and, with her, recite a third of the rosary for thirty days. This he did, and went on to become a leader in San Diego, fathering eleven children and living happily with Josefa. Port traffic picked up somewhat from 1825 to 1850, and, by the later date, vessels of practically all seafaring nations had become familiar sights in the harbor, known wherever seafaring men gathered as one of the world's safest. It was during this period, too, that

(Upper)
A typical view of the city of San Diego during "the mud street days," when modern city structures and buildings on Coronado Island were not yet in sight.

(Lower)
An early day scene, which few San Diego residents can now recall, notice the advertising on the horse drawn street car from "Marston's" and "Chase's Music House."

Pleasure boating looms large in San Diego Harbor life.

the hide and tallow trade developed into a brisk operation, but under conditions which brought the designation that San Diego "was hell for strangers," a brand in which some latter-day sailors have concurred. Richard Henry Dana was here during some of those years, and his recital of how the hide and tallow plants worked make up part of his *Two Years Before the Mast*, required reading for every San Diegan.

The anchorage, protected as it was from the action of the open sea, was especially good for the hide trade, because the hides, after treatment, curing and drying ashore, could be loaded aboard ship in calm water, without getting them wet in the surf. Such a wetting spoiled the hides. Indeed, one surf-splattered hide would spoil an entire cargo before the ship could reach the east coast. The first hide houses, where the hides were stored after droghing and prior to shipment, were being built at LaPlaya, in early 1829, when the ship *Brookline*, 400 tons, anchored here with a cargo so large and so diversified that customs duties amounted to $31,000. The *Brookline* did not remain long, but by the time she returned, some months later, the hide houses — actually not much more than four walls and a roof— had been completed, along with two immersion vats in which the hides were soaked in heavy brine during the processing. Because of its natural advantages, the port of San Diego became the main shipping point for the hides, and for the tallow trade which grew up alongside. It was the custom for ship captains to stop in here, put their hide droghers ashore, and then head north for hides which they brought back to San Diego for processing. They made as many such trips as were necessary to fill their holds with cured hides, and then departed for the east. Hides were plentiful in San Diego's countryside, too, so there was plenty to keep the droghers busy.

THERE were, among this crowd of hide droghers, South American Indians, Englishmen, Welchmen, Scotsmen, Irishmen, Yankees, Italians, Frenchmen, Sandwich Islanders, Kanakas and at least one Tahitian. The daily quota was twenty-five hides, which had to be prepared by noon because by that time the hides, previously soaked, had begun to dry out. It was pull and scrape, cut and trim—a nasty, smelly job. As Dana tells it, the rough hides were piled up outside one of the hide house—each hide company had its own —and from that pile they were carried through the regular process of pickling, cleaning, scraping, drying, and so on. They were then stowed in the hide house to await shipment. The hide houses have long since disappeared, but there are around San Diego quite a few residents who say the current availability of open lots on Point Loma is due directly to the hide business and the whale oil rendering and coopering which reached its peak later. And that may well be so, for there was an odor about these activities that was, to say the least, far from pleasant.

It was, of course, good business. During the hide years somewhere between five and eight million hides were shipped, and the tallow exported from the harbor climbed to the neighborhood of 250,000,000 pounds. One other item seems worthy of notice, in connection with the harbor itself, during these years. Dana reports that his friends, the twenty Kanakas who worked on the hides, lived in an old Russian oven that had been built for bread baking some years previously when a Russian expedition reached the area on an exploration mission. The Russians, edging down through the Aleutians, had made settlements as far south as the Farallone Islands off San Francisco, and their presence in San Diego, if nothing else, indicates that there was real cause for concern on the part of Spain. That threat had faded by the time Dana was in San Diego, and the huge oven had been turned into sleeping, eating, drinking, and living quarters for the Kanakas. The main anchorage during these years was near Ballast Point, which is just as well, for a study of the old charts of the harbor proves that it had to have the major improvements which began in 1905, or be worthless for heavy commercial use. The anchorage site was the best in the harbor, and its natural advantages had made the area between Ballast Point and La Playa famous the world over.

Regular steamship service was established in 1849 by the Panama Steamship Line, which made San Diego a port of call. Regular service with other California ports began about 1851, for, in that year, advertisements in Los Ange-

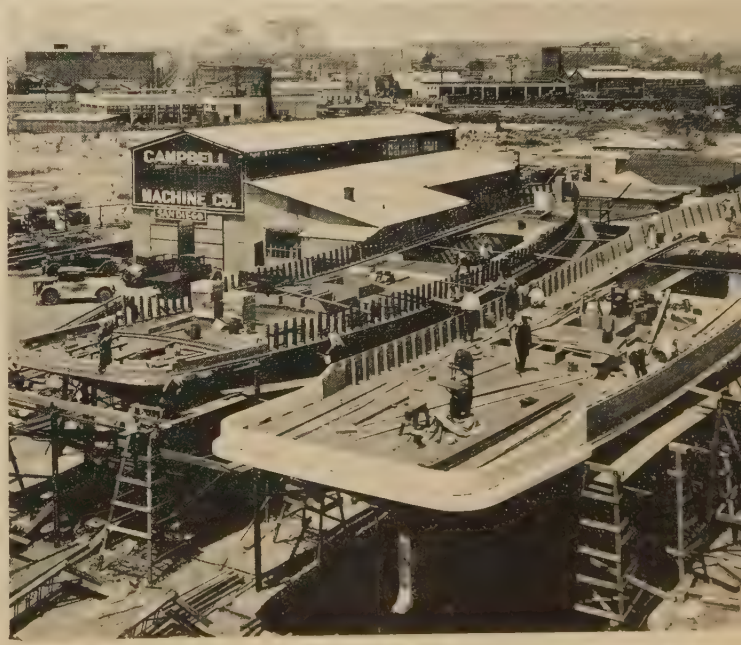
les newspapers said that the mail steamer, *Ohio*, would call at San Diego and other ports in the state on a definite schedule. During the next few years some eight vessels were frequent visitors. They included the *Ohio*, the *Goliah*, the *Fremont*, the *Senator*, the *Thomas Hunt*, the *Southerner*, the *Ancon* and the *Orizaba*, the last-named making, altogether, some 264 visits to San Diego and bringing probably more permanent settlers than all the rest combined. All these vessels were sidewheelers which, according to one passenger, rolled in two directions at once, "bucking at every wave and then backing out and going around it." One of the queerest contraptions ever fitted together became the first vessel in regular service on San Diego Bay. This was a boat 16 feet long and 5 feet 8 inches wide, which was equipped with wheels, for the overland journey from Lake Michigan, where it was built, to the west. It was brought to San Diego by Lieutenant A. K. Whipple for use of the Boundary Commission which he headed, and the gadget must have been quite something.

On dry land, it rolled forward on its own wheels, and, unlike other land vehicles, this one had no fear of rivers. When it reached one, all hands got aboard for the crossing. Couts purchased the boat at Camp Calhoun, on the California side of the Colorado River, where it had been used as a ferry. He bought it in 1849, brought it to San Diego Bay, and used it to navigate the harbor in studies which resulted ultimately in determination that the boundary between the United States and Mexico was one marine league due south of the bay. At this time, the San Diego River flowed into the Bay a little south of where the Naval Training Center now stands, and it was silting up the harbor. The Army Engineers sent Lieutenant George Derby here to turn the mouth of the river back into False Bay, using as wherewithal the first appropriation ever made by Congress for improvement of the Harbor. The sum involved was $30,000. The work started in July, 1853, under Derby, who became more famous as the humorist, John Phoenix, than as an engineer. He used about 100 Indians to make a loose soil embankment and face it with rock. This was far from satisfactory, and it washed out in two or three years.

NOT until 1875 did Congress do anything more about it. In that year, $80,000 was appropriated to divert the river, and an earthen dike 7735 feet long, faced with rubble stone, was finished in 1876. The project then held the river in its original course. This work on the dike was the first of a long series of flood control measures and appropriations which have continued to the present day, the latest being the great Mission Bay project. Mission Bay, formerly False Bay, is being made into one of the nation's great recreational centers, and Federal and State funds have been appropriated to help pay for the flood control features of the plan.

Sport and market fishing offices and piers adjacent to the present Harbor Lane near Battery Park in 1937. Today the modern sport fishing vessels are tied to more modern landings, scattered throughout the harbor area.

The decade that brought Lieutenant Derby to San Diego to supervise that first Federal improvement also brought a quickening in the development of San Diego, and the first indications that the city of the future would be far south of the presidio. In 1849, Andrew B. Gray came here as a surveyor for the U. S.-Mexican Boundary Commission, and quickly realized the possibilities of the area for a metropolitan center. He convinced recently-arrived William Heath Davis that they could make a fortune by



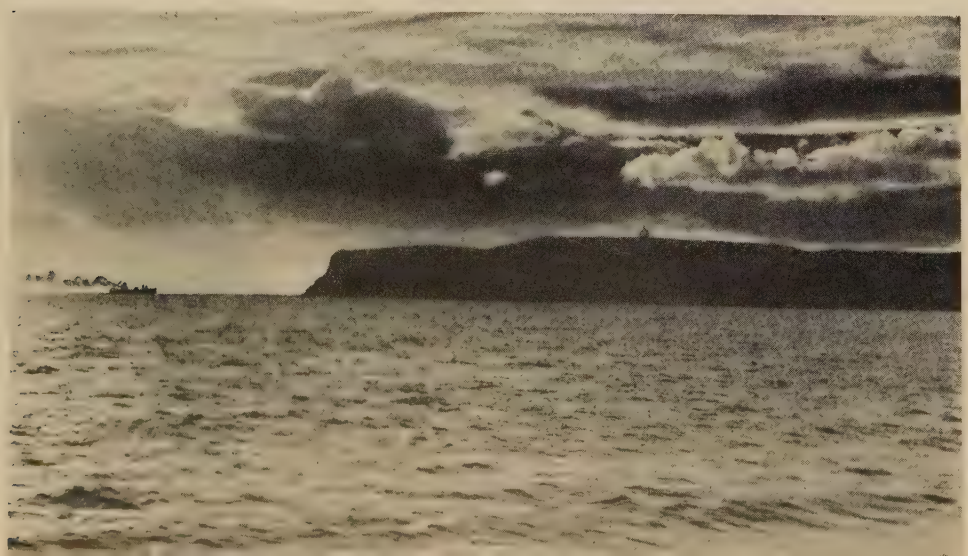
Campbell Machine Co. activities which have long been identified with fishing boat activities in the port.

establishing a new city on 160 acres in the general area of where the Coronado Ferry now ties up. Davis came into the project, along with Jose Antonio Aguirre, and Miguel de Pedrorena, two prominent Spanish residents, and William C .Ferrell, who became San Diego's first District Attorney. Davis, to be academic, went into the venture with his eyes wide open but, apparently, with part of his reasoning machinery on dead center. He was so sold that he predicted San Diego would become a great commercial seaport, presumably in a few years, and he joined enthusiastically in the venture. It must be said, however, that Davis' reasoning was correct, but it was decades too early.

The survey party had encamped near the present city jail location, and the new town planners bestirred themselves with a building program. The Army, meanwhile, had sent Lieutenant Thomas D. Johns to San Diego with material for a warehouse which was to be built at LaPlaya, the center of marine activity. Gray and Davis, alert to any possible construction that would help build their town, convinced Johns the Army building should go in the new area. Davis agreed to build a warehouse and a 600-foot wharf, stretching into the bay from Atlantic Street (which later became Pacific Highway). This wharf was completed in 1851, near the Army site, which was located on what is now covered, in part, by the city jail. Davis spent $60,000 for the wharf and warehouse, and watched helplessly as they literally went up in flames some ten years later, during the Civil War. By that time, of course, the little community had nearly vanished, and Davis was being ridiculed for his abortive efforts to start the town. There were heavy rains in the winter of 1861-62, and the fuel to heat the Army barracks ran out. The several hundred soldiers who lived there had been assigned to San Diego, just in case, and their commanding officer looked about for wood. He decided it was a military necessity for the soldiers to tear down the wharf and warehouse, bit by bit, and use the lumber to heat the barracks.

Since it was wartime there was no one to dispute him, and Davis was forced to watch several hundred dollars a month in rents escape his pockets as the wharf and warehouse were torn down and burned. He sued many years later, eventually collecting $6,000 from the government. He collected long after his real estate venture had flopped with a thud heard clear to San Francisco. The prospects for the town had been bright enough when Davis, Gray, and their co-investors started the community, and events since then have proved that their site selection was logical. Not long after the town was laid out, the brig *Cybell* arrived at San Francisco with a cargo of lumber, building material and some eight or ten houses, already framed and ready to go up. Davis bought the whole kit and kaboodle and moved it to San Diego, where the houses were set up and used for many years in one location or another. In 1851, The San Diego *Herald*, which built Lieutenant Derby's fame as a humorist by printing his *John Phoenix* comments on current events, established itself in the new town. In addition there were a hotel, three stores, Davis' wharf and warehouse and the Army installations. It seemed as though the community was off to a good start. There were, naturally, ecrtain disadvantages which Davis and Gray could not overcome. There was the problem of water. The county seat was still in the presidio. LaPlaya and San Diego were remarkably cool in their attitude toward the new neighbor. San Francisco publications commented on the "disastrous speculation." There was an Indian uprising in 1851-52 which, even though it had little effect on the community, chilled prospective residents.

Point Loma, San Diego's distinctive landmark and shelter from strong westerly winds.



IN any event, less than two years after its inception, the town began to fade. The *Herald* moved into old San Diego, as did E. W. Morse, early merchant and civic leader. The town was out on its feet, but complete disaster did not come until the troops burned up the wharf and warehouse. Davis went down in history with the brand of fathering "Davis' Folly." With this background, it seems somewhat odd that Alonzo Horton, when he came to San Diego in 1867, chose almost the same site to establish what is now the main part of San Diego. Horton, however, added the leaven of high pressure salesmanship and practical vision, along with a bit of luck and the courage to take a chance when he thought his judgment was correct. It paid off. Old Town was still the main center when Horton arrived, and he didn't like it, declaring the city should be near the wharf, which was about where the intersection of Market Street and Pacific Highway is today. The land near there, Horton said, was the finest he had ever seen for building a city, and, after a series of maneuvers, he purchased a thousand acres of land for an average of 26 cents an acre. Horton proved himself an astute developer. He built a wharf, in 1868, at the foot of Fifth Street, which he later sold to the Pacific Steamship Company. He surveyed the town, gave away lots to those who would build, sold other lots, erected a hotel, fought for and obtained cheaper steamship rates, helped organize in 1870, the Chamber of Commerce, and never relented in his contention that San Diego was destined to become a great city. It was about this time that the Texas and Pacific Railroad inaugurated plans to make San Diego its western terminus, and that fact, plus Horton's zeal, brought about a rapid growth. A wharf was built at the foot of F street by a resident named Culverwell, a wharf which, incidentally, rose to plague the Navy in the 1940s when construction started on the Naval Supply Depot Annex. (When this wharf was torn down the pilings were left in place. Later, Navy engineers failed to make complete studies, and when construction of the annex began the old pilings prevented start of the foundation work. They had to be pulled out before the work could go on.)

Horton's New Town got a postoffice soon after it was started, and, in 1871, after a battle, the county seat of government was moved from Old Town to the new community which, although plunged into gloom following failure of the Texas and Pacific plans to go through, continued to grow steadily until 1886, when it really began to boom.

This was the year of the Great Boom. The Santa Fe had come into town by 1885, a development which, when added to the lyrics about the climate, bay, mountains and opportunities, combined to make an irresistible temptation to thousands of easterners. About this time, too, the Santa Fe and the Southern Pacific engaged in a rate war, when fares from Kansas City to Los Angeles dropped to $1, bringing thousands of new residents into Southern California. Many of these came to San Diego. Others came straight through from the east to see this "heaven on earth." Land values soared and rents screamed upward. The population went from 8000 to 21,000 to 30,000, to 35,000. Rent for a single little barn used as a home went to $75 a month, on bidding from a climate-happy populace. The boomers came with brass bands, large newspaper ads, free meals and excursions and captured the unwary by the hundreds. As a corollary, building boomed too. John D. Spreckels visited the harbor and liked the area so well that he returned later and poured millions into real estate, buildings, newspapers, street car lines, ferries, the San Diego and Arizona Railroad, and other enterprises, establishing an interest in the city which continued until 1948, when the last Spreckels holdings in San Diego and Coronado were sold.

As the boom went on, it was not without its lasting and beneficial effects. There was wild speculation, true, but there also was progress. The first water and sewage bonds were voted. Wharf activity increased. The Hotel del Coronado was planned and started. Schools were built. The fire department was organized. The boom collapsed, as all booms must, in 1888, when bankers began to tighten on credit restrictions, as they had in Los Angeles. Those who had bought so avidly a few months before began to throw their holdings on the market for whatever they would bring. Fortunes disappeared, and the population dropped almost as fast as it had risen. From January, 1888, until the fall of that year things were gloomy indeed, but then a more optimistic feeling took over. Many of those who came during the boom had remained as permanent residents and began to take an active interest in civic development. Progress resumed. John D. Spreckels, offered a wharf franchise, accepted, and built a 3,500-foot wharf and coal bunkers with capacity of 15,000 gross tons to service the Santa Fe. By 1890, the population of the town had risen slowly but steadily to 17,000. But in 1891, failure of the California National Bank effectively stopped further growth for several years. They were quiet years, for the

Point Loma Light is shown from the top of a white skeleton tower 88 feet high on the southern extremity of the point, from which it is visible for 15 miles.

ve and below are shown typical views
g the San Diego embarcadero of
e modern fueling depots.

most part, although there was still plenty of routine activity. The Chamber of Commerce was hot in pursuit of new residents, preferably those with wealth, and, in 1895, issued a pamphlet which it called *San Diego, Our Italy*, a title recalled in 1947 when some Chamber members advanced a program to lure tourists here by comparing the appearance of the countryside with the scenery of 21 various foreign nations. The Chamber's 1895 pamphlet reported that 322 vessels had arrived in the harbor in the 1893-4 period, carrying 241,035 tons of goods. Value of dutiable products was set at $307,918, and of free products $52,929. Heaviest shipments were of lumber, coal and cement.

THERE were outgoing shipments, too, mostly grain and agricultural products. Even then fishing was a big industry in San Diego, with four firms engaged in the industry and the value of total product—much of it salted and shipped to other cities—was placed at $106,010. The Chamber also reported that San Diego had been chosen as the coaling station for the British North Pacific Naval Squadron, but this seems to have made little difference to anyone except that organization. From 1890 to the turn of the century there was little of moment to report in connection with the harbor. There was, however, the beginnings of a growing realization that the harbor, good as it was, would not fulfill its destiny as an area of mud flats and shallow channels.

While there can be no argument with the fact that San Diego Harbor, most southerly U. S. port of call on the Pacific Coast, is one of the world's best land-locked bays, much work had to be done before it was useful for large-scale commercial and military operations. First, of course, there had to be a plan, and second, there had to be someone who would make sure that the developments came when and as they should. The first consideration was taken care of by the top levels—the Army engineers, the Navy, the Harbor Commission, the City Council and various Citizens' Committees. For the second phase, there was Joe Brennan, as waxy an example of rugged individualism as San Diego ever produced, who fought, argued and horse-traded the port from a municipal operation with a $40,000 deficit to one which, in the 1947-48 fiscal year, had better than $2,000,000 available for its use. As far as the City of San Diego is concerned, the development and expansion of its harbor has been placed, by City Charter amendment, in the administration control of a Harbor Commission. This Commission, first established in 1919, consists of three members who serve without pay. They are named by the Mayor, and the Port Director is their Chief Administrative Officer. As such, it was Brennan's job to see that the plans formulated and policies adopted by the Commission were carried out. Before improvement began, the harbor was an area of mud flats and narrow channels. The channel through the outer bar was 500 feet wide and 22.5 feet deep at mean lower low tide. The middle ground channel was 22.5 deep also, but too crooked for safe navigation. The main channel was deep enough, but it was difficult to navigate. Once inside the harbor, the channel was about 30 feet deep and a third of a mile wide up to San Diego, and narrower and shallower up to National City.

The tidal flow kept the channel fairly clear, but the mud flats and tidelands were useless until they were filled in. With that, however, they provided land for military installations, aviation facilities, manufacturing plants, marine ways, highways and all other impedimenta which determine how well a port can serve its customers. Improvement of the harbor has been carried on by or with the approval of the U. S. Army Corps of Engineers, which is charged by Congress with the planning and improvement of harbors and navigable rivers. Thus, in case of San Diego Harbor, work which was done by the Navy or by the City itself had to gain approval of the Army engineers. All of these have had a finger in building the harbor to its present stature and physical appearance, and the success of their work is shown in these figures:

There are today 70 piers and wharves from Ballast Point Lighthouse to Los Chollas Creek, a shoreline distance of about 10 miles. Three additional facilities are located in Coronado, across a half-mile strip of water from San Diego. Of the 70 waterfront facilities, 22 are operated in connection with marine repair plants, 12 for receipt of fish, 11 for receiving petroleum products and fuel-oil bunkering, 10 are used mainly by Federal agencies, and the rest are operated for various miscellaneous purposes. Twenty-one of the piers and bulkheads are owned by the various municipalities, five by the government, with the rest privately owned and operated. The terminals can berth and service large ocean going vessels of all classes and types. Naval facilities can care for the largest ships the Navy has. (The biggest aircraft carriers cannot be brought in here yet, although future dredging operations may make such visits feasible and practical.)

San Diego embarcadero offers tourists, as well as local residents, much interesting entertainment. It also affords excellent facilities for lumber unloading and trans-oceanic vessels.

The original Federal project for improvement of the harbor was set up by the River and Harbor Act of August 30, 1852, and furthered in 1875, 1890 and 1910. The present Federal harbor improvement project, nearly complete, was authorized first in 1875 and has been supplemented continuously through the years.

THE complete projects provide for:

1—A rubble mound jetty 7500 feet long on Zuniga Shoal. This extends parallel to the main channel and forces the main tidal flow over the main entrance bar.

2—Removal of middle ground shoal and widening the entrance channel east of that vicinity to 36 feet.

3—A bay channel 35 feet deep and 2200 feet wide from near Zuniga Shoal to Naval Air Station.

4—An anchorage area northward of the bay channel, 1200 feet wide, 12,000 feet long, and 35 and 26 feet deep in the eastern and western halves respectively.

5—An approach to the 35-foot anchorage, triangular in shape, 900 feet wide and 35 feet deep, and an approach to the 26-foot anchorage, triangular in shape, 800 feet wide and 26 feet deep.

6—A seaplane basin 1500 feet wide, 12,000 feet long and 8 feet deep, landward of the anchorage area.

7—A turning basin 35 feet deep opposite the municipal piers.

8—A channel about 20,000 feet long, 1500 to 2500 feet wide, and 30 feet deep, in the south end of the bay.

9—A channel to National City and Chula Vista, 20 feet deep and 200 feet wide.

10—Dredging a seaplane basin in the south part of the bay, and filling an area of about 110 acres adjacent to the south end of the basin.

11—An earthen dike 7735 feet long to divert the San Diego River to Mission Bay.

During the war, and under Navy sponsorship ,additional tidelands were filled in, as at Spanish Bight, which linked North Island with the peninsula at Coronado, and provided land for barracks, warehouses, storage facilities and additional berthing space for Navy vessels. The City of San Diego also has done a great deal to improve the harbor and its facilities. This included the dredging of about 14,000,000 cubic yards of material from the turning basin, channels, anchorages and other water areas. The spoil was used to reclaim tidelands to provide land for industrial, municipal and recreational activities.i Title to the tidelands is reserved to the State, but this constitutional reservation does not prevent the state from granting tidelands to a city in trust for purpose of navigation. At the same time, the city can lease these lands, with certain restrictions, so that private enterprise and capital may build up the commerce of the port. The tidelands inside the city limits of San Diego were ceded to the city in 1911, under the state law which established the Harbor Department. Likewise, tidelands in National City, Chula Vista and Coronado were given to those cities in trust. As a general rule, the regulations established by the San Diego Harbor Department also are made effective in these areas by the three municipalities. At the time California ceded the tidelands to San Diego—just to show what has been accomplished—the shoreline at the foot of Broadway extended along the eastern boundary of the present Pacific Highway, and east of Market street it ran along the Santa Fe railroad tracks. Bulkhead and pierhead lines, established long before, were considered a hindrance to proper development, so they were relocated in 1912.

San Diego, upon passage of the Tidelands Bill in the State Legislature, had agreed to spend a million dollars in improvements, and this resulted in the first municipal bond issue for this purpose, in 1912. From this came construction of the Broadway Pier and reclamation of certain other lands. During the years since then the City, at its own expense, has reclaimed much land, including the area between the foot of Date Street and the Marine Base (including Lindbergh Field which, as reclaimed land, has been under the jurisdiction of the Harbor Department), and the area between Market Street and Eighth Street. Other projects included construction of

Aerial view of the San Diego Marine Construction Company's ship yards. These yards maintain, repair, and build modern fishing vessels.

the mole pier at the foot of B Street; Harbor Drive; street improvements in the cannery area; improvement of the B Street Pier, Longshore Hall and the Harbor Department Office building; construction and improvement of Navy Field and Lane Field; construction of the sea food mart building. There are many others, too numerous to list, and the compilation of them will continue to grow under the new Ten Year Plan which is being formulated for submission to the proper authorities. This improvement program, of course, broad in scope and vision, was furthered materially during the years from 1934 to 1941, when practically all harbor and tideland improvements were CWA, SERA or WPA projects. In 1941, the defense program levied an increasingly heavy impact on local economy, climaxed by the war and the resulting high-speed development as the Navy took over all facilities for military use. From 1941 to 1948, improvements cost $13,-143,064, which gives some indication of the booming nature of the port and the importance which the Navy attaches to it.

At present, a new 10-Year Plan is being formulated for submission to the proper authorities. First long range planning for the harbor was done by B. T. Cresson, consulting engineer of New York, who was retained by the Harbor Commission soon after its inception in 1919. Cresson died in 1922, and his work was completed by C. W. Standiford, at that time harbor engineer for the city of New York. His plan was approved by the Harbor Commission, but the City Council turned thumbs down, preferring to integrate harbor development with that of the entire city. The City Council retained John Nolen, a city planning engineer, who formulated what later became known as the Nolen plan, which rises to harass city officials today in their attempts to build a new Hall of Justice, Library and other civic buildings. Nolen's plan included the placing of the Civic Center on the waterfront, a proposal which did as much as any one thing to make the entrance to San Diego unique among U. S. cities. Julius Wangenheim, prominent for many years in civic activities, recalls the events of this hectic campaign like this:

"IN . . . 1868 . . . the shore line, with its mud flats, was not particularly enticing. But real estate was real estate and a number of San Diego citizens bought title to the tidelands and duly received their patents from the state.

"Meanwhile, the little town grew, and these lots promised to have important value. At this point, questions were raised as to the legality of the state patents . . . (and) . . . a long drawn out legal battle ensued, during which the lots were seized by squatters and all sorts of shacks and hovels commenced to grace the waterfront. And thus they remained. . . Time passed, the tidelands getting more slovenly from year to year, a fair match for the waterfront of most American cities.

"This continued until about 1905, when a number of prominent citizens joined themselves into the Civic Improvement Committee, for the purpose of starting a movement for an adequate park and reclaimed waterfront. The slogan of San Diego was 'Bay and Climate,' yet it was absolutely impossible to view the bay except by taking the Coronado Ferry, so cluttered was the waterfront with shacks and mud flats and with no reasonable means of approach. At this point, fortunately, the needs for dredging the bay became evident, the better to provide for increasing naval demands. This meant excavating a tremendous amount of material, for which a dumping space had to be provided.

"Happily, this resulted in filling large areas of tidelands, therby eliminating the mud flats and leaving the unsightly rows of hovels well in the background.

"Fortunately, too, the committee, in 1907, engaged the services of that eminent landscape architect, John Nolen. It issued his findings and recommendations in book form and thereafter the Nolen plan became accepted in spirit, at least, as the concerted aim of the community.

"The first report did not contemplate the vast improvements subsequently made, but it drew attention to the pos-

sibilities of waterfront attraciveness and the need for a Civic Center. The committee worked hard for a bit of recognition of its principles, but always against an instinctive sense that waterfront development was for commerce and commerce only.

"Time and again it warred against this contention, but always went down to defeat. But as so often happens, the rightness of a cause will win out in the end. In this instance, the Harbor Commission, under the successive guidance of Captain W. B. Cronon, J. W. Sefton Jr., and Rufus Choate, went ahead to develop its own plans, which ultimately included much of the type of development that the committee had hoped for.

"Its aim had been to have an esplanade along the bay front from Broadway to Date. The commission outmarched this by many fold, both north and south, so that San Diego has a waterfront approach unrivalled by that of almost any other American city. Whether the approach be by air, by water or by land, the treatment of the waterfront stands out unique — useful and beautiful at once.

"But to make assurance doubly sure, to the end that the waterfront should match the park (Balboa Park) in attractiveness and become one of the prime assets of San Diego, a Citizens' Committee headed by George W. Marston conceived the idea of removing those twin spots on our escutcheon, a tumbledown city hall and an antiquated court house, and creating on the broad stretch of the new made lands a Civic Center that should adequately house all of San Diego's public activities and give to all our citizens a glow of pride for what had been a blush of shame. The idea was immediately accepted and, with the splendid support of the Chamber of Commerce, particularly of its secretary, Major T. C. Macaulay, it was made a major issue. Strong enthusiasm developed, the need of new buildings was recognized and on a vote of preference for the site, of the new Civic Center, the waterfront won by a handsome vote over all others."

However, bond issues failed three times to obtain the necessary two-thirds majority, and construction of the present City-County Administration Building eventually became a relief project. During the war, additional land was filled in along the waterfront, Harbor Drive was installed, Lindbergh Field completed and the waterfront took on its present appearance from the Civic Center to Point Loma. Most of the major developments which turned the harbor from a mud-bordered bay to today's great harbor were made during the rule of Joe Brennan, the Irish port director whose salty, belligerent approach to matters affecting the waterfront once brought an official protest from the Federal Bureau of Investigation. He was too tough for the soft-spoken G-men.

Hon. Mayor P. J. Benbough (deceased), well known for his part in building the port and other San Diego developments.

BRENNAN resigned in the spring of 1948, after criticism of the Harbor Department's business methods, which, even if unorthodox by modern standards, got results. As one observer said: "Joe was the greatest horsetrader in San Diego, and has accomplished more for less than any other public official in town. He always operated that way until modern accounting methods and red tape caught up with him. If he had a keg of nails or a length of rope, and he didn't need it immediately, he would trade it for a pier piling, a piece of machinery or a few hours works. Anything to save money and keep the wheels rolling."

Brennan took his first job with the Harbor Department on November 1, 1918, after a Naval career which was, for all practical purposes, cancelled by a bout with influenza. Prior to the war he had been a towboat captain and marine superintendent for the Spreckels Company. He received the title of Port Director in 1930, retaining it through stormy years until 1948, when he resigned, to be succeeded by John Bate, an engineering whiz who had been in the Harbor Department for a year. Tales are legion about Brennan. He had little regard for the junior officers of the Navy, whom he called "strip brass admirals," and he had even less for the men he grouped under the heading of "politician," a word that became an epithet when he used it. He carried on his battle with them to the last, and at a farewell testimonial let loose another blast:

"If they have their way," he said, "this will be the only harbor on the coast that won't be under a harbor commission, and it will be running with red

Former Harbor Commissioners and Port Director. Left to right: Commissioner W. E. Harper, Port Director Joe Brennan, Commissioner General R. E. van Deman, and Commissioner Emil Klicka.

tape with five forms for everything. The City Hall is down on the waterfront now and the harbor will be operating from the City Hall if this goes on. I'm too old to begin learning all over again under this sort of thing. I've licked the politicians for thirty years and I could do it again if the doctors would leave me alone!"

The high regard which San Diego felt for him was shown by a commendation from the County Grand Jury, which delved into the Harbor Department's affairs at the height of a flurry over a bit of missing material. The Jury came up with this:

"It is our opinion that the former Port Director, Joe Brennan, and the Harbor Commission, are entitled to the commendation of the citizens of San Diego for the effective development of the harbor and port, including Lindbergh Field and all the other tidelands developments." With that official recognition of his work, there is no doubt that, if the harbor of 1948 can be called a monument to any one person, that person is Joe Brennan—sharp-tongued, controversial, scrounging and ruthless where his beloved San Diego Bay was concerned.

ITS NAVY—

FOR as long as California has been a part of the United States, the Navy has held a particular spot in the heart of San Diego. It was the Navy that raised the first American flag over the Presidio, it was the Navy that provided the final punch needed to get early appropriations for improving the harbor, and that later helped to bring untold millions of Federal funds here for dredging, military installations and payrolls. From these waters, San Diegans have helped lift the dead and wounded off the gunboat *Bennington*, after her boilers exploded. It opened its homes and hearts for the injured then, and it repeated the gesture later when casualties of the Pacific War began to to stream back from the forward areas. Through the years, San Diego has given time, money and land whenever the Navy needed them, even going so far as to part with some of its beloved Balboa Park so the Navy could build a hospital with great grounds where convalescent servicemen could soak up the city's famed sunshine.

In perhaps no other city of the nation is there as close liaison between public and Naval officials as in San Diego, and many of the Navy's officers return there after retirement and become active in civic life. There are, to be sure, chiseling merchants who look upon Navy men as fair game, a practice which brings periodic rumors that the Navy is considering moving the District Headquarters to Long Beach; rumors which have no particular basis in fact but which do jolt the business community from its lethargy. Dress blues and dungarees, "scrambled eggs" and white hats have been familiar sights on San Diego streets for many decades, and will remain so as long as the Navy wears them, which will be as long as the nation has a Navy. If you want a date when this mutual affection started, you can be arbitrary and say it was in 1846, when a Navy lieutenant raised the first American flag over the Presidio in Old Town. Although full credit was not given him until a few years ago—credit that was delayed, apparently, because Major (later General) John C. Fremont had aggressive Public Relations Officers—it was Lieutenant Stephen Clegg Rowan, Irish-born executive officer of the U.S.S. sloop-of-war *Cyane* who raised the flag. The date was July 29, 1846, on the afternoon of the day the sloop arrived in the harbor. Also aboard was Fremont, under orders from Commodore Robert F. Stockton to disembark here and prepare for the march on Los Angeles. It was the time of the Mexican War. Reading of Stockton's famed proclamation to California, and hoisting the flag, brought San Diego into the War, but there was no objection on the part of the residents of the area to the action. Rowan, in his report on the affair, says:

"LIEUTENANT Rowan with a Marine guard and a few sailors marched up to the Presidio, about five miles distant from the anchorage, and without opposition hoisted the flag having previously read the proclamation."

Rowan left Marine Lieutenant Maddox and his Marine detachment to guard the flag and town and went back to the *Cyane* with the sailors. They came aboard about 11 p. m. A few hours earlier, but after Rowan had disembarked, Fremont had taken a detachment of his men and gone ashore. The next day was spent in disembarking Fre-

The industrial center of San Diego is seen to be less than one mile from the waterfront.

Looking west over a portion of San Diego Port, as seen in 1937, before many of the wartime improvements.

mont's men and gear. They took over the job of defending the area and prepared to send a detachment to help capture Los Angeles. A few days later, on Aug. 9, Lieutenant Maddox and his Marines came back aboard and the sloop left. Stockton and Fremont had no trouble in capturing Los Angeles, but it didn't last, because the Californians collected themselves, their wits and their gear and promptly recaptured it. Then they made plans to move south and recapture San Diego, a plan which brought a bit of anxiety to this area.

There were rumors aplenty, among them one that the Californians (mostly Mexicans) planned to kill all Americans in San Diego. The little garrison left here was joined by twelve men under command of Captain Ezekiel Merritt in the middle of September, and this combined force, as the enemy drew close, sought out the whaler *Stonington,* anchored in the harbor, as a place of safety. The whaler had been chartered by the government, and the refugees who went aboard included not only the military but also the American residents of San Diego and their families, and a number of Californians who, because they had been friendly to the Americans, had reason to fear for their lives. With none to guard it, the town was easily recaptured. From the whaler's deck, when they arose the next morning, the refugees could see the Mexican flag floating once again over the presidio. An appeal was sent to San Pedro, by four men in a small boat, of all things. Those aboard ship began to worry that the enemy would mount the two presidio cannon on carts, haul them to La Playa, and blast away at the *Stonington.* It probably never occurred to the Mexicans, but Albert B. Smith, whose main fame rests on the fact that he was a good flag staff climber, went ashore, sneaked into town and spiked the guns. The next day, Captain Merritt took all his own men, the crew of the whaler and two cannon from the ship and marched on the town. The Mexican defenders broke and fled as Maria Antonia Machado slipped out of her house, hauled down the Mexican flag and hid it. As soon as the Americans reached the plaza, Smith climbed the staff and replaced the American flag, while someone fired a shot in his direction.

THE next few weeks were hectic. Commodore Stockton, finally aware that it takes more than a proclamation to capture an area, came to San Diego in November, aboard the U.S.S. Congress, a 60-gun vessel. He found an unhappy situation, with the food scanty and morale low. He moved to correct both situations, sending a mission to Ensenada to drive back cattle, and dispatched a force to capture the hill overlooking the town, where the Mexicans were making pests of themselves. With the capture, he moved to improve the defenses, arming the fort (which became Fort Stockton) with twelve guns that commanded approaches from the north and east. A hundred men made up the garrison. Then Stockton began preparations for an advance upon Los Angeles, but he needed more information and so sent out an Indian scout to gather such intelligence as he could about the enemy. The Indian came back with word that General Andres Pico and his force of Californians were about thirty miles away. Before an American party could get underway, a couple of deserters from Pico's group arrived to report that the force had been strengthened, and now numbered about 150 men. While these two deserters were being questioned, a messenger arrived from the Santa Ysabel rancho with word that Brig. Gen. Stephen W. Kearny was approaching by way of Warner's.

This, of course, was an astonishing surprise. Stockton had no idea that Kearny was anywhere around. He recovered from his shock long enough to send Captain Gillespie and 25 volunteers to join up with Kearny, which they did at Ballena, after a nightmarish march during which they dragged a brass four-pounder by lariats tied to their saddle pommels. Their rations gave out, they had to go over rough and unbeaten trails and, to top it all off, they made junction with Kearny in a driving rain.

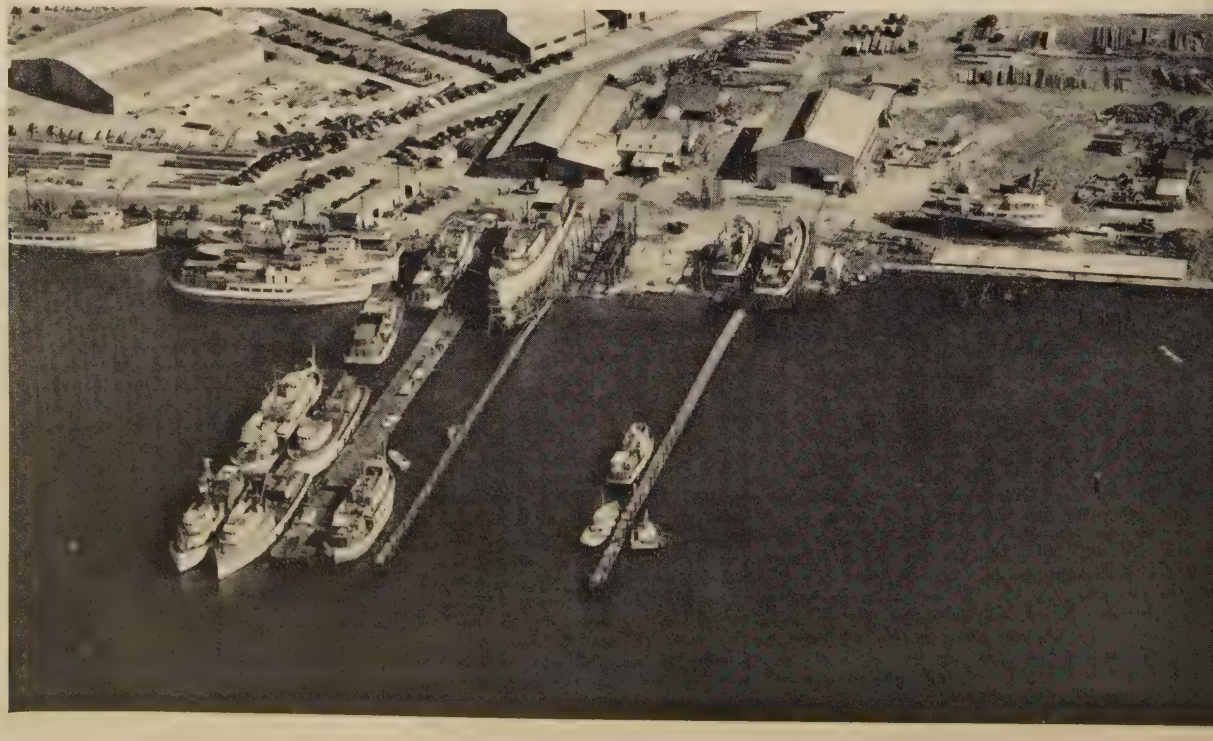
What followed should be forgotten, if it could be. Pico, armed mainly with lances, proved himself superior to Kearny as a soldier and a strategist, and actually walloped the tar out of the American forces. Pico, of course, should have put Kearny on his own payroll, because it was primarily the general's mistakes that brought the defeat at San Pasqual. Kearny's forces were battered and beaten, and when messengers reached Stockton with this advice Lieutenant Andrew F. V. Gray of the *Congress,* Marine Lieutenant Jacob Zeilin and a

San Diego Marine Construction Co. Ways

force of 215 sailors and Marines were sent to help the beleaguered general. They reached his camp on the night of December 11, 1846, with food which, incidentally, was desperately needed. Pico's forces withdrew during that night, and the Americans came on into San Diego, where the wounded were treated under direction of Dr. R. F. Maxwell, and where two more deaths were added to the toll already piled up. The war ended about a month later, with the battle of San Gabriel, and the treaty of peace was signed January 13, 1847, by Pico and Fremont. San Diego still has a reminder of that war in Camp Kearny and Kearny Mesa, named for a general who was badly beaten but whose own reports claimed such a glorious victory that a grateful nation felt it only right and proper to establish these monuments to his skill. Camp Kearny proved an important role in both World Wars. The Army trained there during World War I, and the Marines and Navy had a big bomber base there during the last one. From that airfield, bordered with barracks, hangars, and training offices, the Navy sent its patrol and heavy bomber squadrons on the first leg of flights to the war zone. First stop: Hawaii.

DURING the time that Stockton, Kearny, et al., were waging the Mexican War, and through the military occupation of San Diego, visits of U. S. Naval war vessels were frequent, but they became few and far between in the years from 1851 to 1891. It was in the latter year that San Diego, almost by accident, became involved in the *Itata* affair, a tragedy of errors which resulted later in deaths of two American sailors from the U.S.S. *Baltimore*, who were on shore liberty in Valparaiso, Chile.

The *Itata* was a Chilean merchant vessel in the service of Chilean revolutionaries, and it came into the waters off California to pick up arms and munitions with which to wage war. The plan was to rendezvous off San Clemente with the schooner *Robert and Minnie*, which had obtained 5,000 rifles and 2,500,000 rounds of ammunition at a northern port. This transfer was to be made on the high seas while the revolutionary warship, *Esmeralda*, stood guard. But the *Itata* had to put into San Diego for fuel, and while here she was



Campbell Machine Co. boatyard, seen by many an ailing fishing boat since the fishing activities began.

seized by the United States, which had learned of the plot from a garrulous agent of the revolutionaries. The U. S. couldn't let such things go on, because she wanted to remain neutral in the revolution. The seizure irked the *Itata's* skipper no end, with the result that he said, in so many Chilean words, nuts to the United States, got up steam and headed out of the harbor. He made it, too, and he made the rendezvous with the *Robert and Minnie*, with which he had maintained contact by launch during the time he was in the harbor. The arms were nearly all transferred when the U.S.S. *Charleston*, under orders to seize the *Itata* and bring it back to port, hove in sight. Nobody was going to sneer at Uncle Sam like that and get away with it!

The *Itata* steamed west and then south. The *Charleston* finally caught up with her—the *Esmeralda* had by this time dropped out of the party—in the port of Iquique, and brought her back to San Diego harbor where she remained for the rest of the year. The United States filed suit against the vessel, and the case was heard in March, 1892, in Federal Court. The United States lost on every point, and was ordered to release the vessel. By this time it was clear that the United States, ironically, had done the wrong thing, for the revolutionaries were winning their fight, and their feeling toward the U. S. was that of every winner against a non-supporter: They didn't like our attitude. The Federal Court's decision did nothing but make them more angry, with the result that Americans in Chile began getting the rough brushoff, and fast. And it was at this tense moment that the U.S.S. *Baltimore* showed up in the harbor at Valparaiso, and the skipper thought it would be a good gesture to let 116 of his men go ashore for liberty.

If he had wanted to, he couldn't have set the stage any better. The Chileans were still hot as pepper over the *Itata* affair, and anxious to show their dislike. As might have been expected, a couple of Chilean sailors let loose on some Yanks. That was how the fight started. It spread from there to other sailors, and on to civilians. Before it was over, there resulted a Number One rowdy-dow. Two men of the *Baltimore* died of injuries and the United States issued a demand for indemnity which took the form of an ultimatum. Ultimatums, naturally, often lead to war, and war was talked in both the United States, where the incident had been widely reported, and in Chile, where tempers were still white hot. But Chile eased the tension by agreeing to pay $75,000 indemnity, and there the hostilities ended. Except for parades and special events, that was the last big Naval incident of the 1800's, in which San Diego played a part. With the beginning of the new century there were indications that the Navy looked with favor on the harbor as a port for its ships. It is in 1901—On September 24th—that the Navy acquired land on Point Loma for a coaling station, which eventually became the finest on the coast. The station had been started in 1898, and the pier partially completed, but apparently it was not until 1901 that the Navy actually acquired the land. The money ran out, as it has a habit of doing, and so it was 1913 and 1914 before additional funds were appropriated, through the work of Representative William Kettner, to complete the coaling wharf and establish a fuel oil station.

DURING those fading years of the last century, Navy vessels called at San Diego more and more frequently. The *Charleston*, the *Baltimore* and the gunboat *Bennington* were often in port here, and, by 1905, the *Bennington* had become a familiar sight to nearly every resident. The explosions aboard her on the morning of July 21, therefore, were felt the more keenly. The *Bennington*, anchored in the stream at the foot of H Street (now Market), had been getting up steam for a routine run to Port Harford, where she was to take the *Wyoming* in tow for San Francisco. Her Captain, Lucien Young, was ashore on some last minute business, and Ensign Newman K. Perry was the Officer-of-the-Deck, standing near the forward hatchway. A small leak had been reported in Boiler B, and a boilermaker was on the way to repair it. He had just entered the engine room when the boiler let loose. Said Captain Young after his investigation: "Boiler B was forced to stern through its bulkhead and came in contact with Boiler D, which was forced through its bulkhead,- and both exploded."

Oddly, there was no great blast; only a dull thud, but the ship was filled with scalding steam and ashes. Many of the crew of 179 were trapped below decks and died there. Many others were blown into the water. Others were killed by flying metal. Passageways were blocked and the decks were covered with debris. Ensign Perry was scalded so seriously that he died that afternoon. Boats and launches were sent from nearby vessels, and from the shore to give help. Volunteers swarmed the area, and the city immediately opened its homes and

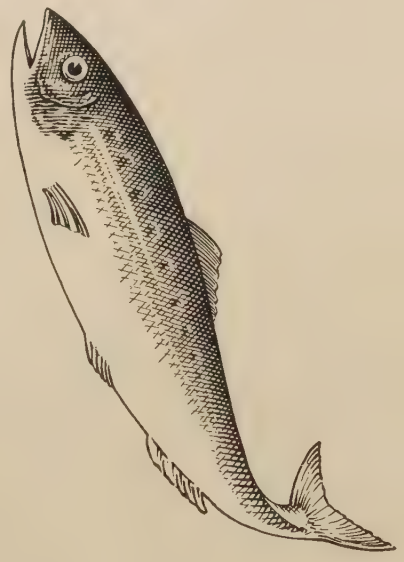
Looking north over San Diego harbor, showing Point Loma and the entrance to the harbor. Spanish Bight, the inlet at the center of the photograph, was filled in during World War II.

public institutions to care for the wounded. The ship itself was flooded to retard flames, an action that handicapped recovery of bodies and that resulted, also, in the vessel settling in the bay. The next three days were anxious ones for the city, and especially for the volunteers still seeking bodies in the battered ship. A cloud of steam hung over the vessel, and there was the ever-constant fear that the powder magazines might be touched off. But flooding of the vessel averted that danger. It was two days before all the bodies had been recovered, and on that day—July 23—while all of San Diego mourned, 47 of the victims were buried with simple ceremony in the government cemetery on Point Loma. And there, some three years later, an impressive, graceful shaft of San Diego County granite was unveiled. It is the largest monument in San Diego, with forceful lines and this simple inscription:

To The Bennington's Dead
July 21, 1905

THAT year of 1908 also saw the arrival, off Coronado, of the battle fleet under command of Admiral Robley D. Evans, known throughout the nation as "Fighting Bob." The fleet—long since far surpassed in the number of warships anchored here at one time—remained for four days, and they were days of almost continual celebration. San Diego went all out to entertain the 16,000 men who came ashore from those 16 battleships. It was the same way in 1914, when the U.S.S. *California* came here and, in a colorful ceremony, was rechristened the U.S.S. *San Diego*, the first Naval vessel of that name. It was that way when the big aircraft carriers *Lexington* and *Saratoga* first came into the harbor. And it was that way when Fleet Admiral Chester M. Nimitz, retiring after having directed the war against the Japanese, came here in 1947 to receive the plaudits of the city in a great Navy Day celebration at Balboa Park. Since those early days San Diego has celebrated with and for the Navy, and the Navy has reciprocated. The city gave land for most of the Naval and Marine installations now here. In return, the Navy poured millions of dollars into construction of facilities, dredging and payrolls. In this one thing, at least, everyone seems agreed: San Diego's harbor and climate make this area ideal for Naval training and activity.

If three men are to be picked from the hundreds and hundreds who have played leading parts in the growth of the Navy in San Diego they should be Representative William Kettner, banker G. Aubrey Davidson and Rufus Choate, first chief of the Harbor Commission. Kettner continually was in Washington, goading, spurring, and working for San Diego. The others labored in San Diego, lining up local support from city officials, civic leaders and military men. Kettner and Davidson, for example, "stole" the Naval training station from San Francisco, and had it in San Diego before that northern city even knew it had happened. San Francisco's representative in Congress was forced to tell his protesting constituents: "If you had made this protest two years ago it would have had some result. But it's too late now." It was Davidson who first convinced General Joseph Pendleton (then a Colonel) of the advantages the area offered for a Marine training area; a development which grew from the First Exposition here in 1915-16. The seed that grew into the Base was planted at a review on North Island, where Davidson was the guest of Pendleton, who had brought the Fourth Marines there for rest. One of the General's aides suggested that an Honor Guard of Marines be sought for the Exposition, citing the San Francisco Exposition to back up his argument. Davidson agreed, and took the matter up with Kettner and with top Marine brass in Washington, and the Second Battalion, under command of William N. McKelvey, went into camp in what is now the palisades section of Balboa Park. The longer Pendleton remained the more he appreciated the weather and the climate, and one day, not too long afterward, he told Davidson:



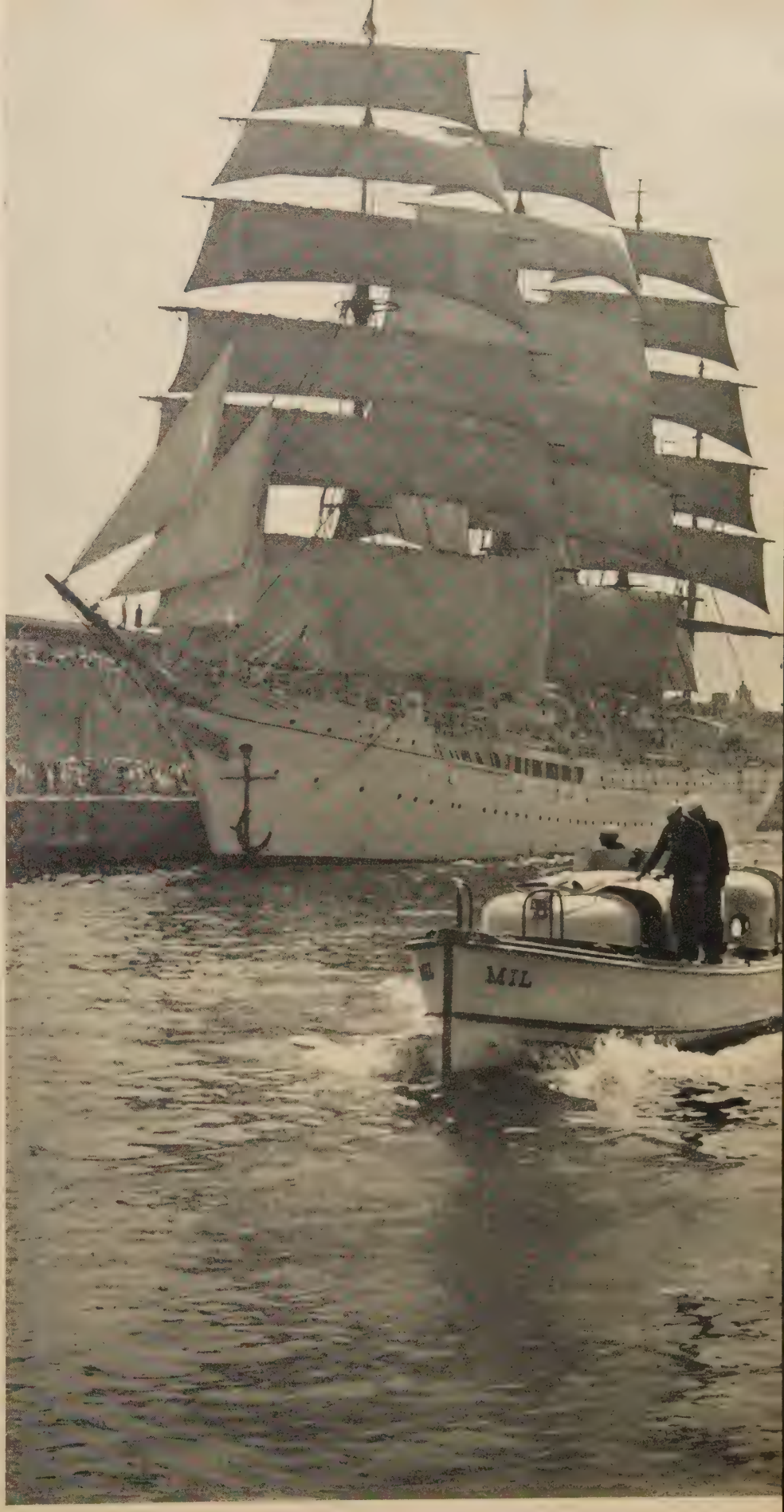
"This is the greatest place in the United States to train men. We ought to have an Advance Marine base right here on the west coast, like the one at Quantico."

THAT was enough for Davidson. He invited top Marine brass to visit the Exposition. He told Kettner about Pendleton's remark. Kettner, while visiting the Exposition, heard of Pendleton's hopes from his own lips, and suggested that the area known as Dutch Flats would be an ideal spot. Kettner took the matter up with Marine officials in Washington, as a result of which the Commandant of the Corps, Major General George Barnett, came to the Coast to see for himself. Pendleton added his recommendations to those of Kettner, and swung Barnett in favor of the project. Between them, Pendleton, Kettner, and Davidson were able to convince the then Assistant Secretary of Navy, Franklin D. Roosevelt, who, according to the Congressman, "rendered us every assistance." Kettner introduced a bill providing for purchase of land for a marine post, and appropriating $250,000 to buy 232 acres of land from the San Diego Securities Company. The City of San Diego donated some 500 acres of tide flats. Kettner was able to bring about passage of the bill, and thus, establishment of the Marine Base, which was commissioned by Pendleton on December 1, 1921. In much the same way—an offer of land on which to build facilities—San Diego obtained the Naval Training Center, the Naval Hospital, the Repair Base and selection of San Diego as the Headquarters city for the Eleventh Naval District, all of which boomed to unforeseen stature and importance during the war with Japan, spreading out until they covered many hundreds of acres. North Island, incidentally, was purchased from the Spreckels interests in 1921. Originally used by the Army as a flying field, it later became wholly Navy. "Theft" of the Naval Training Center was a high spot in the acquisition of Naval facilities. Kettner reports that Assistant Secretary Roosevelt "made the statement that he found at Goat Island among the Navy boys so much sickness that it was quite distressing, and practically assured me that if I should make some effort to move the base to San Diego I could have his support." Kettner, never slow on the uptake where San Diego was concerned, got in touch with local civic leaders, among them Davidson and the Chamber of Commerce. Davidson was chairman of the Chamber Military Affairs Committee. Meantime, the City leased the Exposition buildings and park to the Navy at $1 a year for use as a training base for World War One. The

health records of men stationed in San Diego, as far as the Navy was concerned, were exceptional, but nothing much was done about acquiring land until after the First World War, when it became the job of the San Diego citizenry to raise nearly $300,000 to buy the land, because there was no chance the government would move the base from San Francisco unless a big inducement was offered. In the campaign that followed, John D. Spreckels, the sugar baron, gave $15,000 and George Marston, San Diego's first merchant prince, gave $10,000. The city gave the tidelands in front of the proposed station on Point Loma; deeds to which Kettner placed in escrow with the Secretary of Navy. The program called for deeds to be given the United States when Congress made the appropriations with which to start construction of buildings. This appropriation passed in 1919, and the Navy acquired the Training Center site on October 9 that year. The first appropriations apparently were beneath the notice of San Francisco's Bay Region residents and civic organizations. At any rate, it was not until December 1923 that the City Council of Oakland awoke to the fact that the Center was being moved, protested to Samuel M. Shortridge, and that worthy replied, in part:

"DURING the war and subsequent thereto, up to 1920, San Diego had one of the most active representatives in Congress. He was backed to the limit by a Chamber of Commerce that left nothing undone to help him, no matter what the cost. Together they worked so successfully that San Diego Bay has more naval activities than any other city in the country, and its functions as a naval base will probably increase, because of the start already made, rather than decrease. Of course, it is hard to say what might have happened if some of the protests now being made had been more timely, but it is reasonable to assume that some of this activity might have been saved for Northern California." During these years, the Navy established many more bases. Those set up prior to the Second World War included: Chollas Heights Naval Radio Station, July 21, 1914; Naval Air Station, August 1, 1917; Point Loma Radio station, February 5, 1920; Naval Hospital, April 28, 1921; Navy Pier, foot of E Street, May 7, 1923; and Naval Supply Depot Annex, June 9, 1933.

(Continued in February)



Present-day sailors heading ashore, pass one of the Navy's old training vessels.

GENE

Married to a Fisherman's Dau

(Gene Cantot of San Diego, is, like so many of his commercial fishing compatriots, no ordinary fellow. In other words, he has been around, and not a little of his experience involves travel on the bottom of large bodies of water. Here is a little information on a gentleman who, in addition to being the head of a genuine fishing family, works at his trade constantly—and intends to go on doing so.)

•

By DOROTHY HARVEY
Marine Press Staff Writer

DESPITE the fact that Gene Cantot, who, at 44, is alive and a persistant, rugged, non-literary commercial fisherman with a bull neck, a close-cropped grey head, and a distinctly un-romantic attitude toward submarines, his friends like to compare him to the scholarly Jules Verne, who, among other things, is no longer with us, wrote like all get out, had no trouble with small collars, and grew delirious over underwater craft of all kinds. A dark, leather-faced Parisian infected with a love of adventure, a crackling, toothy laugh, and an appreciation for nature's beauty found more often among tough eggs and timid women, Cantot, aside from his studiously-acquired Americanism, so resembles in one respect the imaginative French pen-pusher, who was born in Nantes, France in 1828, died in 1905, and left the notable work *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under The Sea*, that they may have something at that. Their paramount characteristic, of course, lies in the fascination each felt for the ocean and its life. Like Verne, Cantot, who spends much of his time while ashore making wonderful ash trays, lamps, and vessels of one nature or another from sea shells, is positively enthralled by deep-sea life, and is never satisfied to stay away from the ocean's floor for long.

An expert diver, he has plumbed the briny from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and, more than once, has added the exploration of rivers to his list. Gleaned from the bottom of the American River in Eldorado, California, for instance, is a collection of odd rings, baubles, stone dishes and other implements, which lends substantial credence to his claim that there has been any number of civilizations lost under the waters of both river and sea; civilizations that may never come to light. Although his desire to roam the ocean's bottom probably stems, primarily, from an inate curiosity and a insatiable love of danger, Cantot is something of an authority, in addition, on the flora and fauna of the deep, and he can get so excited over some things he has seen that it is better to stay, while he is describing, a safe distance from his arms. An interest such as this, of course, carries its share of danger, however, Cantot's familiarity with *Mare Nostrum's* treachery and temperment has brought him through, except for bites from eels and close brushes with shark, virtually unscathed. He dislikes the flesh of squid, but hunts them for fun, then turns his catch over to friends with more of a tooth for the stuff. A relentless gardener at home, his house, at Azure Vista Housing Project, San Diego, is crammed with trophies of his deep-sea experiences; in fact, much of the baublery around the place was salvaged from some ocean bottom or other. His pockets jingle with coins of ancient nationality, which he has picked off the ocean's cellar at various intervals, and his sessions with underwater mapping takes up so much of his time that his wife has virtually given up trying to get him interested in anything else in the field of home entertainment. Owner of the jig boat, *Amigo*, he has fished for everything from barracuda to tuna and back to deep-sea bass, and, when not diving for a living, or for personal pleasure, he goes about in a pair of dungarees and an old sweat shirt, both of which are the despair of his family. By the time he had bought the trim, 36-foot little cruiser type vessel, he had fished from purse seiners, drag boats and tuna boats, in very nearly every part of the Pacific Ocean, and his indifference to storms and other ocean inconveniences, which has permitted him to cruise alone so far as 260 miles from San Diego shores, is legend. In the words of Donald Harvey of San Diego, who formerly owned and operated the boat, *Florine*: "If he could build a house on the water's surface, he'd live there."

Part of Cantot's conviviality with the sea may lie, it is possible, in the fact that he is one of the finest swimmers, of the long-distance variety, ever developed in this country. He has flailed his way across the Golden Gate eight times so far, finished in the Michigan State Championship (6th Unattached), and won the combination Frank Tucker-San Francisco Chronicle Sixth Annual Golden Gate Swim (Sept. 21, 1931, (First Unattached). For his Golden Gate triumphs, he swam 14 miles a day in training, usually picked the coldest strips of water in which to do it, and a really tough cross-current was his meat. Today, admittedly passed his prime as a water athlete, he still can dive in and make the majority of college youngsters, over a long haul in rough water, yell uncle, and his two children, daughter Jeanette, 5, and Eugene, Jr., 8, are given rigidly-enforced courses in the art. At one time or another an habitue of practically every major seaport in the world, Cantot, who, incidentally, speaks English, French, Spanish, Portuguese and a polyglot of pidgeon varieties and dialects, should be, as he is, a top-flight mariner. Making a living at this trade, to be sure, is about all he has done since he went to work for a living.

HE was born in Paris, of pure Burgundy stock, January 28, 1904, and, by the time he arrived in the United States, *Circa* 1919, the intervening time had been divided up pretty much with boat trips to Portugal, Spain, England, France, Belgium and Canada. At 16, he was a member of that entirely dependable breed of sailor known as Merchant Marine, and when first he shipped out it was as a crewman on a Standard Oil Company of New Jersey tanker. Strong and endurable for his age, he was possessed, even at this time, of a first-class interest in all things related to the sea. Within the next few years, as his knowledge grew and his seamanship developed beyond the apprentice stage, he occupied berths of increasing importance with such lines as the English Red Star, and the Brazilian Steamship Company. Later yet, he worked on weekly boats which toured the stations of Belgium, England, and Germany. By 1921, he had signed with a French oil company, and, with petroleum products as its cargo, the ship took him from Cherbourg, France, down through the Suez Canal, over to Madras, India, into Shanghai, China, across the Panama Canal, and into Portolla, Texas. Shortly after his return to France, he was called

ANTOT

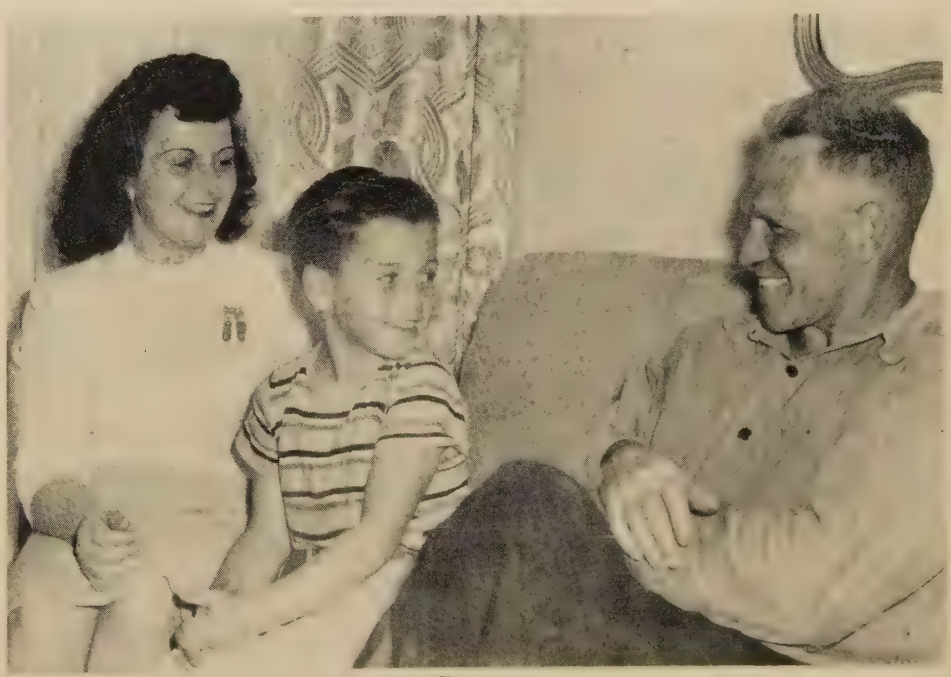
Doghouse Is the Ocean's Floor

into the fold of the French Shipping Board, where he remained for a year, and, in 1924, having learned, in the interim, the art of deep-sea diving, he returned to this country and joined the United States Army Engineers. Retained as a diver, Cantot stayed with the Engineers for the better part of 11 years, and some of his experiences with this organization would make tales in themselves.

In one instance, as an example, he was ordered to the bottom of Mare Island Bay, just off the San Francisco shore, for a search involving a number of 1,000-pound bombs, depth charges, and 16-inch shells. These implements of war somehow had slipped, months before, from a barge, and there, buried on the ocean's floor, they had rested, providing a constant hazard to American vessels. His instructions were to descend, and either "pull the teeth" of the explosives, or collect them in such a manner that they could be excavated. Today, he recalls a bit ruefully the $2.35 an hour he got for a job that came within inches of doing him in, and, although he is anything but superstitious, he states, without qualification, that he "knew damn well" that he was in for trouble. "When George Jacobson, my tender, walked up to put the head piece of my suit on, I told him I had a hunch I might not come up," he explains. "Don't know why. And when he put into my hand the hydraulic air pressure gun, with which I was to uncover the explosives, I felt the hunch again." He was right. Barely at work in the cold, murky waters, he felt a slight tremor on the spot where he was standing, followed by a sickening shudder. The next thing he knew, he was pinned down under tons of slime, which, in spite of the weight alleviation occasioned by water pressure, almost crushed the breath from his body. His air gun, it developed, had started a landslide. He felt about as best he could, and, upon learning that his "breath line" was still intact, he began digging himself out with the air gun. He was, of course, within inches of death, as nestling all about him were tons of deadly explosives. But, a few hours later, he was as good as new, the work was done, and he had added one more experience to his belt. Not all of his labor with the engineers, however, was quite so dangerous. The bulk of his work involved underwater preparations to check flooding, and the usual dredging operations, which are an important part of Army Engineering, and he liked the work. Moreover, since leaving the employ of the Government, in favor of commercial fishing, there have been times, he agrees, when he wishes he had kept on with his Army diving. "When I wish this most," he grins, "is when, naturally, the price of albacore drops." On the subject of adventure, he is willing to admit that the life of a commercial fisherman is second to none. Fishing for abalone, an operation which he thoroughly enjoys, is often pock-marked with more than a little excitement. He has been on the business end of angry eels several times, and claims their savagery is unsurpassed by any fellow of the deep. Sting rays have sought his bacon upon occasion, and sharks have not been too friendly with him. He likes the competition afforded by his industrial kith and kin, and laughs over an instance wherein, just off San Clemente Island, he was fishing a small school of tuna, when a big boat hove in sight, decided it wanted the school, and threatened to ram the tiny *Amigo*. Exasperated by this action, and knowing the larger boat's rough and tough skipper might do just that, Cantot hauled out a .38 calibre pistol and emptied it into the water. The immediate vicinity and surrounding territory, of course, was instantly emptied of any and all fish, and, as a consequence, neither boat did any more fishing on *that* spot. "He," says Cantot, "was the maddest guy I have ever seen."

Cantot's wife, Catherine, who is the daughter of a fisherman, and whom he married in February, 1936, is proud of her husband's exploits, although she admits to worrying about him when he "gets that restless look." By that, of course, she means when her husband gets the call to do some more ocean floor investigation, which comes upon him, she explains, when he has his boat tied up, and with time on his hands. "There is nothing you can do about it, though," she explains with a disapproving shake of her dark pretty head. "He's got to have his ocean." Cantot, who left school after completion of the third grade, is a strong advocate of formal education. Eugene, Jr., currently is a student at St. Agnes, in Point Loma, and his parents have scheduled him for a university since his birth. Their daughter who, due to her age, quite naturally, has yet to embark on educational voyages, is taught the rudiments of first-grade curriculum by her mother and

(*Continued on page 47*)



Cantots
Catherine, Eugene, Jr., and Gene.

Avond

New Orleans Boatbuilders Blaze New Trail In

(During the past three months, Pan-American has received a number of requests seeking information on major shipbuilders such as Peterson's, Tacoma Boatbuilding Company, Western Boatbuilding Company, Puget Sound Boatbuilding Company, all of Washington State; Campbell Machine Company, National Iron Works, Lynch Shipbuilding Company, San Diego, Harbor Boatbuilding and Todd's in San Pedro and Wilmington, California respectively. The background of each will be printed in future issues. The first article, involving Avondale of New Orleans, follows.)

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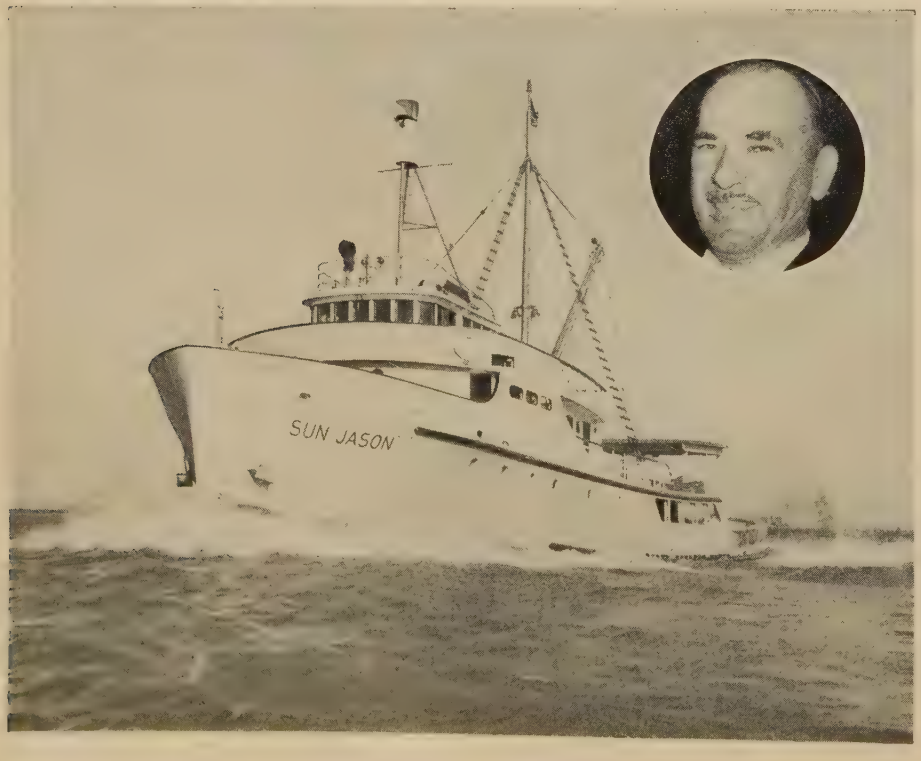
By STUART ALTON
Marine Press Staff Writer

A FEW months after Japan decided it had had enough of Uncle Sam's atom bombs, Cecil Drake, San Diego boat broker, was looking around for a shipbuilder to run up some shrimp trollers for friends in Guaymas, Mexico, and a tuna clipper or two for clients in the Border City. His belief, at the time, was that it should take less than a year to get out a tuna boat, rather than the year or more which had been the custom. Orders he had on tap, moreover, called for construction post haste, and, while sounding out various of the nation's ship builders, he contacted Avondale Marine Ways, Incorporated, New Orleans. The firm agreed that a tuna boat could be turned out within four or five months, at a reasonable cost, and decided to try one. A contract was drawn up, as the result, for the tuna clipper, *Mauritania*, and G. Bruce Newby, Long Beach Naval Architect, was retained to design the craft. Construction of the *Mauritania*, one of the most successful and economical craft for its type on the high seas today, took exactly four months and eight days from the moment its keel was laid—including Newby's time and Drake's collaboration.

The event marked something of an innovation in the shipbuilding industry, and has brought about a series of operations that, in some resepcts, are just short of amazing. Which is to say that, flushed with the success of the Mauritania, Avondale constructed, in turn, those high-amperage spit and polish jobs known as the *Paramount, Sun Hilarita, Sun Jason* and *Santa Helena;* vessels which have made a bit of history. These ships have been outstanding, if for nothing else, than for the little time required for even minor repairs. It has been estimated, in fact, that the aggregate voyages of the craft are equal to one vessel operating for 10 years, and not one has sustained a breakdown of serious nature, with repairs and maintenance at an unbelievable minimum. In addition to the tuna clippers, Avondale, in addition, built 11 sixty-five-foot shrimp trollers, which were delivered to the Guymas area. These, along with the four clippers constructed by the firm in 1945, and the fifth, *Santa Helena,* which the organization ran up in 1946, are also highly successful vessels. Further, at Drake's invitation, Avondale presently has under construction three tuna clippers of the 200-ton class, although, before the organization is through with the Newby-Drake designs, the boats are expected to hit 121-feet in length, and will be so built to carry 220 tons. The vessels, quite obviously, will add a new size to the tuna fleet, and are scheduled for delivery early next Summer. Captains of the three will be Manuel A. Fernandes, Avileno Gonsalves, and Wendell Fernandes, all of San Diego.

The history of Avondale goes back to 1938, when James H. Bull, a graduate of Pittsburgh University and a recognized authority on steel fabrication, was looking, along with a group of business associates, for a suitable location to erect a shipyard. The current site, near the town of Avondale on the Mississippi River, just north of the famous Huey Long Bridge, is the result. Arrival at Avondale involves an approximate twenty-minute drive by automobile from New Orleans, Louisiana, proper, up the river. Housing and equipment sprawls on the Mississippi River levee and occupies the site formerly utilized by the Missouri Pacific Railroad as a train ferry, prior to erection of the Huey Long Bridge.

"Some people thought it odd that we didn't choose flat ground for our location," explains Bull. "But the site represented an ideal spot for a marine railway, so, in the interest of this, we went to the added inconvenience of building our shops and docks on pilings on the narrow strip of the river bank." Drake's connection with the organization came



Sun Jason
Captain Lazaro Massa (Inset)

onstruction

about more or less by accident, and, like so many happenstance incidents of its kind, explains more or less the firm's invasion of tuna clipper building, an hitherto unplumbed Avondale field. "At the start of the war," he relates, "this shipyard was given contracts for freighters and tugs from the Maritime Commission. Their costs and performances were so favorable on a straight contract basis that they proved to be the lowest yard operating for the Commission under a contract basis. I was, at the time, manager of the United Concrete Pipe, Shipbuilding Division, at Long Beach, California, and Avondale bid, along with others, on some tankers for the Commission. On a trip to Washington, D. C., in connection with the bids, I met Mr. Bull through a Commission acquaintance. Avondale was awarded contracts, so we collaborated in the engineering and purchasing.

"The Avondale group's thoroughness and abilities much impressed me. At the war's close, I resigned from the shipyard at Long Beach, got in touch with Avondale, and the *Mauritania, Paramount, Sun Hilarita, Sun Jason, Santa Helena,* and the three now under construction, is the rest of the story."

Aside from its tuna clipper operations, Avondale's recent output includes construction of a fleet of launches for the Creole Petroleum Corporation, New Orleans; a fleet of nine tugs for the same company, two large dredges for South American operation, a levee repairing equipment for the United States Army Engineers, and the conversion of several L.S.T.'s for Humble Oil Company. Due to the current oil drilling enterprises now in production in the Gulf of Mexico, large and expensive equipment is required in drilling rigs and in personnel. The L.S.T.'s have met such a need, and five of the craft so far have been prepared by Avondale.

During the years since 1938, Avondale's business, of course, has grown considerably. An additional yard recently was inaugurated on the Harvey Canal, across the river from New Orleans. This was placed in the interest of convenience to vessel owners who object to

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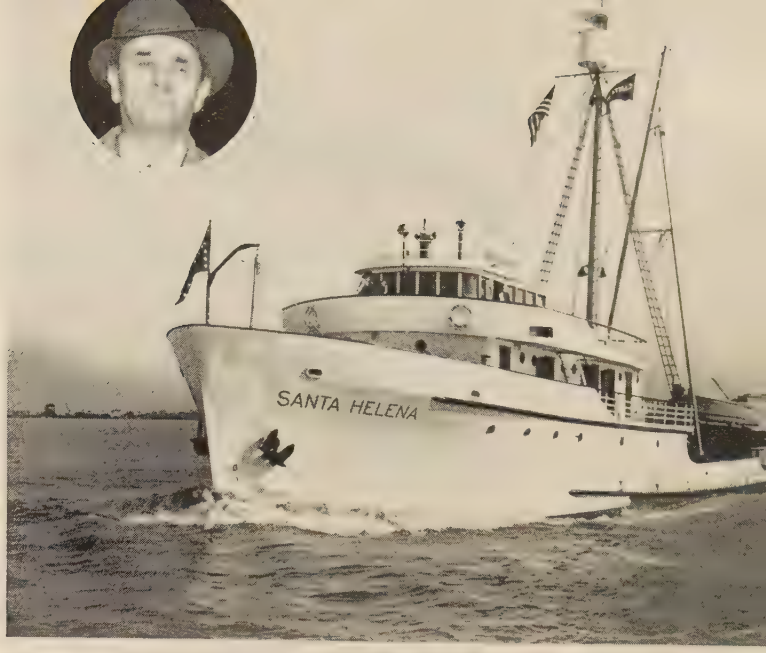

Santa Helena
Captain Andrew Zamberlin.

Aerial view of Avondale Marine Ways plant at New Orleans, La.

Mauritania
Captain Maurice M. Cordoza (Inset).

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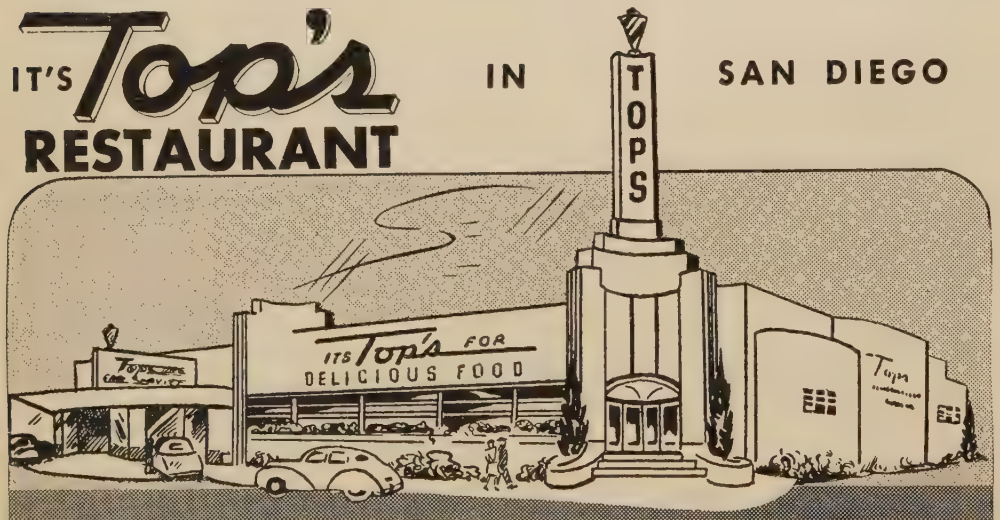

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"SUPER-ICE"

New Refrigerant Gets Wide Support

(Out of Oakland, California, has come a new cold pack, desgined to eliminate many of the problems facing shippers who like to have their foodstuffs arrive at destinations fresh and tasty. The substance is said to have been particularly effective in accelerating supply of the large Atlantic lobster for Pacific Coast palates.)

•

A NEW post-war packaged refrigerant, called "Super-Ice" by the Pacific Coast firm which developed it, promises to be a solution of many of the shipping problems which have been a major headache of the fishing industry in its search for new markets. The new unit already has opened the great California market to the lobster fishermen of the Atlantic coast. Though the demand has always been there, previous attempts to satisfy it were unsuccessful. Efforts to introduce the large Atlantic lobster to Pacific waters failed.

Shipments of live lobster from New York and New England were unsatisfactory, even with the fastest transportation. Use of wet ice, in quantities practical in terms of weight and cost, didn't work because quick thawing made it impossible to keep temperatures low enough for the lobster to survive. Dry ice, besides being unacceptable to the airlines, gave off carbon dioxide fumes which were deadly to the fish. It looked, for a time, as if Californians were to be denied lobster. That is, it did until recently, when Rickey's Town House, one of San Francisco's leading restaurants heard about the virtues of the new packaged refrigerant, Super-ice. It sounded to the restaurant personnel as if Super-Ice might be the answer to the problem of shipping live lobster across the continent, and arrangements were made for tests.

Clean, dry, bricks of the packaged Super-Ice were placed in containers with the live lobsters, which were then put aboard airliners in Boston and New York. Upon arrival in San Francisco, the shipments were inspected and the lobsters found to be in perfect condition. Placed in water tanks in the restaurant, they were soon in as good shape as when they were caught. As a result, Rickey's is now receiving two shipments of live lobsters a week from Boston and New York, has installed more tanks in a suburban restaurant also owned by the restaurant, and is completely satisfied in every respect. Super-Ice had opened a vast new market for Atlantic lobstermen, and, naturally, members of the fishing industry immediately began asking: Exactly what is Super-Ice?

The base of Super-Ice is a special wood fibre, treated with chemicals and packaged dry. For greater utility, the light-weight wood fibre is packed in bags, in several different sizes. To make the package an active refrigerant, the entire bag is then dipped in clean water for two minutes, drained for two minutes and placed in refrigeration at 10

(*Continued on next page*)

Hawaiian Tuna Packers Plant

New freeze-element is becoming a by-word with huge operations such as this.

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Men and Machinery

(Continued from page 43)

degrees to 15 degrees F., until completely frozen. The wood fibre used has three effects: (1) it retards the thawing out period, (2) it holds excess water in suspension, which eliminates all wet and soggy packages; and, (3), it maintains humidity without running water. The exact chemical solution with which the package is originally impregnated is, of course, a carefully guarded trade secret of Super-Ice, Inc., Oakland, California, the firm responsible for developing the new refrigerant.

A type of refrigerant 100% different from any other method, one of the chief virtues of Super-Ice is that it is an extremely simple refrigerant for packers and shippers to handle. The clean, dry bricks can be handled with bare hands. It gives off no water, gas, or fumes and cannot over-freeze. If desired, a small amount of excess moisture can be had merely by using packages that have been water drained for the lesser length of time prior to freezing. If lower than usual refrigeration temperatures are wanted, this can easily be done by using low temperature formula Super-Ice bricks originally designed for use with ice-cream and frozen foods.

Much colder than natural ice, Super-Ice is said to keep commodities in better condition than ordinary ice, thus eliminating many of the difficulties presented by water ice refrigeration. Super-Ice also is said to be much simpler and easier to handle in the original packing, and, because it is an active refrigerant for a much longer period, eliminates labor costs and delays due to repacking of water-ice to take care of thawing. With Super-Ice, the product can be shipped by an available means of transportation, as there are supposed to be none of the special problems met in using wet ice. Advantages to the receiver, whom the shipper also wants kept happy, include not only getting his shipment faster and in better shape, but important savings in freight costs as well. For example, 5 pounds of Super-Ice replace 7 to 10 pounds of wet ice.

Dry ice is, of course, out of the question for distributors handling shipments of live fish, because of the deadly carbondioxide fumes. However, dry ice also has other serious drawbacks which are overcome by the use of Super-Ice. The new packaged refrigerant is not so cold as dry ice, which often freezes products that cannot later be unfrozen without serious damage or total loss. With

(Continued on page 47)

Monterey

By S. BUCK RUSSO

AS we enter the new year it is interesting to review what happened in the fishing industry during the year 1948. Prices of canned sardines, anchovies, squid, and albacore dropped as consumer markets showed no buying interest in canned fish. Squid for canning purposes opened early in the year at $75.00 per ton, and closed in June at $25.00 a ton, with no demand. Anchovies were next to feel the drop in price (the opening price was $75.00 in February), and, when the season closed in June, there was no buying interest at any price. Sardines reached a new high in February, with $100.00 a ton being paid for a load of large sardines for canning purposes; then, early in May, large schools of medium size sardines were found in the bay and the price was set at $75.00 per ton for special summer pack. August 1 saw a drop to $67.50 and, when fishing resumed late in November, after a seven week layoff due to price negotiations, the price had dropped to $50.00 per ton with boats fishing on very small limits. The albacore, much to the surprise of both the fishermen and canners, dropped from $720.00 to $425.00 per ton in November, with no buying interest whatsoever. The albacore season was the most successful of any previous year, with a catch of several thousand tons delivered in Monterey during the months of August, September, and part of October. Large schools were found seventy miles off the coast early in July, and continued until November, when the price-drop discouraged fishermen from further activities. The success of the 1948 albacore season in this vicinity was considered due to the fact that there were about 500 trollers and bait boats fishing as far as 150 miles off the coast, and 75 miles north and south of Monterey Bay. The boats delivered their catches at San Francisco, Half Moon Bay, Santa Cruz and Moss Landing with a large percentage delivered at Monterey where most of it was iced and shipped to San Francisco, San Pedro and to several plants in Oregon. Some of the larger boats with refrigeration delivered their catches direct to Coos Bay where they received premium prices. The Hovden Food Products Company, one of the three local tuna canneries, received several hundred tons; the San Xavier Canning Company and the Oxnard Canners did not operate. There is a possibility that this spring will see blue-fin, yellow-fin and skipjack delivered to Monterey plants by boat from Mexican waters.

THE outlook for sardine quantity in 1948 has been much better than that of the past few years, with large schools of fish located off the coast from the Farralone Islands south to Piedras Blancas. The presence of sardines in this area is seen encouraging for the future, as there has been no fish whatsoever located in this vicinity since 1945. The quality has not been of the best as the fish have been of various sizes ranging from six to nine inches. This particular type of fish does not pack well in ovals or tall cans, consequently the boats were on small limits. The oil contents of this small fish was very low, so it was not thought practical for use in the reduction plants. From August 1, to December 15, there were 36,705 tons caught, as compared to a catch of 12,246 tons for the same period last year. This tonnage represents two and one-half months of fishing on small limits, since two months of the fishing season were lost due to price negotiations at the beginning of the season, and during October and November; whereas, in 1947, the fishermen were on a no-limit basis and did not have to contend with the new size-limit. They also fished the full five and one-half month period, with the total catch amounting to one-third of the 1948 catch.

A LONG list of legislative proposals concerning the sardine industry are being studied. Some of the proposals call for establishment of a separate fishing industry commission, setting a uniform sardine season for the entire California coast perhaps from September to January 1; limiting the size of sardines that may be caught to 8 inches for the regular season, and possibly to 12 inches from January 1 to April 15; measures against out of state boats fishing in California and removing from Fish and Game Commission jurisdictional control the quantity of fish that may be used for reduction purposes. One proposal that is of great concern to the industry is a possible recommendation for a 100,000 ton bag limit for the entire coast. Richard S. Croker, chief of the State Marine Fisheries Division, is formally on record in favoring the 100,000 ton bag limit plan. This plan would, in effect, mean that oMnterey would get about 30,000 tons of fish and would then be forced to close its doors for the rest of the season. The recommendation calling for such drastic curtailment of catch should come as no surprise to the sardine industry, because scientists and other experts have been discussing it and urging that it be considered for quite a long time.

MONTEREY'S long awaited breakwater project is to be a reality soon. The Army engineers, office of San Francisco, have completed their survey, and, within the next few months, are to make a recommendation to Congress for a $10,000,000 breakwater across Monterey harbor. The breakwater is planned to extend from the Seaside sand dunes to encompass the inner harbor, leaving an entrance channel at the end of the present breakwater. Fishing industry leaders and civic officials were enthused when the official announcement was made, as they had, in the past held several hearings with government officials, and plenty of effort had been made to acquire an additional breakwater. The present breakwater extends 1700 feet east of cannery row, and is inadequate to protect the ever increasing fishing fleet. The new proposed breakwater will be of joint Army, Navy and fishing fleet operation. The fishing fleet will use the area nearest the municipal wharves; the Navy will maintain the central area for their installations and the Army will use the eastern portion, or the Seaside area, for their amphibious training. To the many: *Prosperous New Year!*

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SAN DIEGO

Fishing Families

(*Continued from Page* 39)

brother, while Cantot, who also believes strongly in travel as a form of education, spends long hours describing to both the various parts of the world which he has visited. His ambition, at present, is to own a larger boat; he belongs to no political party, but votes religiously, and sees a great future for any and all persons connected with the commercial fishing industry. "Sea food," he says, "is looming larger than ever before as a food with no peer, and for all nations. It will become more scientific—this fishing—as times go on. And, in 1955, it should be a huge business." He could be right, at that, and it is possible that he will take an important place in the scheme he visualizes.

Men and Machinery

(*Continued from page 44*)

Super-Ice, there is no possibility of handlers being burned by contact, as in the case of dry ice.

Probably the unique feature of Super-Ice, and one that provides a striking illustration of its difference from both dry ice and water ice, is the fact that the Super-Ice bricks can be used over and over again. When the refrigerant charge finally is dissipated, all that is necessary is to again dip the package in plain, clear water, and then place in deep freeze. After freezing, the bricks are as good as new, ready to be used as a refrigerant just as before.

Though comparatively new on the market, Super-Ice already has received, according to its manufacturers, a flood of unsolicited testimonials that offer concrete evidence the new refrigerant is all its discovers claim, and more. One shipper, the American Poultry Company of San Francisco, wrote: "Our experience with using Super-Ice as a refrigerant has been very satisfactory. . . . We recommend it highly." This firm uses wooden, wire bound boxes for its poultry shipments, with one to two bags of Super-Ice per case. The boxes are in transit from 12 to 72 hours, and are sent by ordinary commercial carriers. Another firm, a Los Angeles florist which had sent a large and expensive shipment of flowers to Paris, wrote: "All concerned agree that the greatest single factor contributing to the success of the project was our use of Super-Ice. They (the flowers) were in as good shape as the day they were packed for

(*Continued on page 49*)

Milady

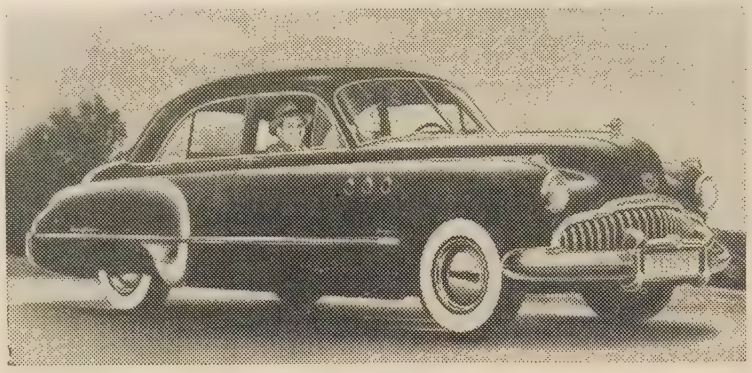
By DOROTHY HARVEY

TO commercial fishing people the sight of women working in almost any division of the industry is a commonly accepted part of the picture. In the canneries of this area, the packing and weighing of tuna is done almost entirely by distaffers; certainly they dominate the clerical field, and, even in the actual fishing, women have taken their part. More, these ladies, having traded their frocks and high heels for blue jeans and heavy shoes, have proved themselves an asset to any boat's crew, by excelling not only in the culinary arts, but also by participating in navigation, and even pulling fish. There is, to illustrate the clerical field, no more sterling example of efficiency than Mrs. Arlene Poe, traffic manager at the Westgate Sea Products Company, who holds the reins in charge of routing, general sales, billing, advertising counseling, and any extra curricular clerical activity connected with the finished product.

POSSESSOR of the proverbial peaches and cream complexion, the tall, grey-haired Mrs. Poe has been identified with the firm for the past eleven years. Starting in the traffic department, in the days when Westgate's traffic problems were somewhat less extensive than they are today, Mrs. Poe since has forced herself into consideration as one of the foremost traffic experts in this area. A native San Diegan, she is of English-Scotch extraction, and first saw the light of day July 6th, 1904. Her broad grin and arousing personality capture the immediate liking of all, whether they be staff members or otherwise, with whom she comes into contact. This attribute of course, probably is one of the reasons for her business success, in the respect that her job entails constant association with people of different professions, and in different stages of humor. She was previously employed as a secretary by the Cudahy Packing company, and later with Swift and Company in General Sales work. Traffic manipulations could run in the family, as a trait, for her brother now holds the position of traffic manager with the San Diego Ice and Cold Storage Company.

A GRADUATE of Kelsey-Jenney Business College, Mrs. Poe married Carleton Poe, a research man at Consolidated Vultee Corporation, in March, 1947, and now boasts of three step-daughters who apparently are equally efficient and businesslike. They are twenty year-old Doris, currently employed by the telephone company; Bettie, eighteen, who works for Consolidated; and Edna, seventeen, now a business-course addict at San Diego High School. If the fact that Mrs. Poe's father was a tailor has anything to do with her preference for tailored suits, she is certainly holding true to form. She is confirmed in the wide-spread belief among business women that suits, at least from an office wear-and-tear standpoint, wear longer, and are much more versatile, than dresses. Her choice in finished wool gabardine suits, of which she owns something of a diversified collection, is excellent. "In addition to the endurance of this cloth, as every Custodian of the Typewriter and Ledger knows," she says, "these garments have less tendency to become saggy at the elbows—and in other places equally as noticeable."

FOR her, drama, in the cinema line, is more impressionistic than comedy, and, with the exception of tinkering with an old Model A, which holds the dual interest of both herself and her husband, she classifies gardening as her hobby, and claims smoking as her only vice. With a precise liking for all books dealing with pioneering days of this country, she recommends highly one which she just finished reading. It was written on the early days of California; entitled *Westward The Dream*, by Frances Marion. As for vacationing, Mrs. Poe thinks nothing tops the Pacific North-West. As many in the industry can testify, she shows a singularly comprehensive knowledge of the fishing industry.



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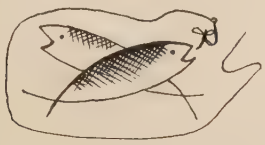
Men and Machinery

(*Continued from page 47*)

four days." A large ice-cream firm stated: "Acceptance of your product by our customers has been nothing short of sensational." The benefits of this new refrigerant to industry has hardly been felt as yet. So many new uses for Super-Ice are being discovered every day, its full potentialities, according to its makers, will not be realized for a long time to come. But one thing already is apparent: With Super-Ice, all the far-flung sections of the vast fishing industry will be able to reach new markets never before available.



Fact

(*Continued From Page 16*)

be heated to apply, netting may and has been ruined, as a result of overheating. Retreatments with coal tar require considerable time with the result that, although coal tar itself is relatively cheap, the total cost of the job is more than if a far more expensive material were used.

The development of insecticides, fungicides, mold and bacteria resisting chemicals, was stressed during World War II. The Armed Forces stationed throughout the world, especially those in the tropics, where textiles and leathers would not stand up to the severe climatic conditions without treatment, required many types of preservatives. As a result, many were experimentally produced for the first time.

Exhaustive tests under closely simulated tropical conditions, as well as in service tests in the tropics, narrowed down the large number of treatments which resulted, until only a few test-proven types remained. Due to the war-scarcity conditions, it was considered essential to seek materials to protect hard-to-get fish netting. Domestic netting manufacurers had turned over 50% of their domestic fish net production into camouflage nets. They also were filling directives for Lend-Lease netting orders, and the balance of the production was turning out domestic fish netting. The U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service again took up the fish net preservative study with the view of utilizing promising resins and metallic salts impregnated into cotton fish net twines. These materials were tested on cotton

(*Continued on page 59*)

Waterfront Observer

By JOHN DE BECK

WEST coast tuna fishermen had better be on their guard. The Swedes of Minnesota will soon begin a concentrated campaign to put you out of business. And they've got a lot on the ball that should cause worry to the deep sea lads. I have no idea what a "Lakefish" is but I do know they're soon going to hit the local markets with a bang that will shake California waterfronts. They're coming out in cans, complete with a free book of recipes, and are out to take over the fish industry from the sacred tuna. And a "Lakefish" is good. I have tried a can and can say it tastes so much like tuna that even another tuna might have trouble telling which is which — without peeping into the can, of course. Moreover, these cans of Minnesota Lakefish, weighing six and a half ounces, will be selling on the local markets at less than thirty cents a can. If the tuna industry thinks it's going to be able to keep its sales up against price competition like this, it better do a little deeper thinking. Sprawled across the label of this new product, which is packed in Mankato, Minn., is the large sign offering "Double Your Money Back." Underneath in smaller type it says to "Use your favorite Tuna Fish, Chicken or Turkey recipes." It also says the can contains "Light Meat" and is packed in cotton seed and/or soy bean oil. And it's good. Leaders of the Tuna industry should begin taking stock. Food prices are going down; people are shopping to save pennies. Meetings should be held between packers and fishermen to discuss problems such as "Minnesota Lakefish." And there will be other problems of like nature. The tuna industry cannot sit back, demanding high prices, now that the war is over. New ideas can be developed, and an open market has returned to the nation. In past years, the Tuna industry has been divided. It must unite to survive on the now-high-standards which have been obtained when money was plentiful.

ON THE sports front: On January second the third annual Harbor Bowl football game will be over. It is a football bowl that holds a spot in the hearts of fishermen, not only in San Diego, where it is played, but throughout the world because civic-minded fishermen are making this game possible. It is the money put up by such Tuna industry leaders as jovial Joe Medina that has kept this football classic going through two losing games. It is men like these who will take the loss if this year's classic turns out a financial stinkeroo. However, if that comes to pass—if the New Year's, 1949 football game between two of the greatest teams in the nation, doesn't break even, the backers should begin looking for an experienced promoter. If this game doesn't break even, there should be some changes made. The game will continue. It has been established as a "Bowl" game. But if it falls short by virtue of incompetent management, the dough behind the game should see that some changes take place.

TO the San Diego Harbor Department must go congratulations for the firm stand against Railway Express Agency's request for a 25 percent boost in its rates on iced fresh or frozen fish, which, possibly more than any one other protest, caused the I.C.C. to ditch its scheduled hearing on the matter. Spearheaded by John Bate, who, as both friend and enemy can testify, minces few words, the Harbor Department got out a thick report that left its sentiment in no state of incomprehensibility. "The request for a rate climb is repugnant to the I.C.C. Act," the report stated, "is not only discriminatory, but unfair." Bate and his Assistant Traffic Manager, Norman Ryan, spent long hours over the report; one of the best of its kind I have ever seen. Added to protests made by the California Fish Traffic Committee, the impact was taken somewhat seriously in Washington apparently, as the scheduled meeting Jan. 6 has been called off.

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EBB'N FLOW

(*Continued from Page 13*)

tuna in extreme southern waters was on in full dress. Alan S. Davis, President, Hawaiian Tuna Packers, went to Papeete to draw up an agreement with the representative assembly of Oceania, and Americans, for the first time, will be permitted to fish French waters. The agreement, ready for signature, was not mentioned in the official annual message of Governor Pierre Maestracci, but it was thought to provide for a jointly-held Franco-American company, and possibly will get approval of the Franco-Tahitian chamber soon. Frenchmen or Tahitians must hold at least 51 per cent of the shares, it was understood. Louis Hershon of New York, a Yankee with a number of enterprises on his string, is associated with Davis. Meanwhile, Harold Gatty, famous for his round-the-world flight some years ago with Wiley Post, was giving the Davis-Hershon organization plenty of competition, with his South Sea tuna enterprises in Pago Pago, American Samoa. Using Fijian fishermen, Gatty wants to build a canning factory with American Samoan labor in Pago Pago. He's a Tasmanian who headed up the air transport under MacArthur during the war, owns an island off Fiji, where he lives, and has brought American businessmen to Samoa to spearhead the enterprise, which has Navy approval. Hawaiian tuna packers also want to penetrate the Palaus, in the extreme southwest corner of the American trust territory, and have been jawing about it with the Navy at Pearl Harbor. The Japanese, of course, still were poaching with glass floats and an increasingly new boldness in the equatorial Pacific, around the Carolines, a territory from which they ostensibly are excluded.

Appointment. Douglas Stinson, Vice-President of Diesel Technical Service, San Diego, was named outside sales representative for Crofton Diesel Engine Company, San Diego. Stinson still is part owner of Diesel Technical Service in that city.

Record. It looked as though the Southern California tuna industry would end 1948 with a possible new record pack; perhaps in excess of 6,000,000 cases. The market, despite the huge pack, remained fairly stable throughout the year. Trade sources saw problems, however, in 1949.

Negotiations. The idle San Diego tuna fishermen's claims for unemployment benefits presented a new problem to the California Department of Employment offices. One hundred claims were filed with the Department to December 15, and by the end of the holiday season, a total of 2000 claims were expected. The law provides that jobless benefits should not be paid to persons idle because of a trade dispute; the problem was complicated by the fact that tuna fishermen, who are idle because of orders from A.F.L. Cannery Workers and Fishermen's Union, did not have their union contract with the canneries, but with boat-owners. Dispute originally arose over the canneries' preference to pay the price prevailing at the time the fish were delivered, and the union demanding the price in effect upon embarkation.

Good Money. First soupfin strike of the 1948 season was established when the fishing vessel, *Seagull*, docked at Humboldt Bay with a $10,000, cargo of soupfin shark. The *Seagull's* Captain and owner, Paul Pellegrini, and its crew members, Jim Rogers and Genaro Lubrano, searched nearly a month for the *Carchariid's*, yet, their actual take involved a single day's work. The current price of shark livers was quoted at $15 a pound. The only catch excelling this

in the past seven years was a haul landed at Eureka by the halibut schooner, *Trinity*, which delivered a $35,000 cargo.

Conservation. Observers saw as tantamount to completely closing the spring sardine season of 1949, the 14-inch size limit on sardines set by the California Fish and Game Commission at Los Angeles. Sardines that are smaller may not be taken from January 16 to April 15, from the Bay area waters, and from February 2, to April 15 from the Los Angeles fishing grounds. Following conservation requests made by spokesmen of the fishing industry, action taken was brought about by the threatened "annihilation" of the sardine on the Pacific Coast. This, it was held, was due to the "gusto" of commercial fishing interests. Julian G. Burnett, Chairman of the Sardine Advisory Committee, predicted the netting of sardines would almost be hopeless, because few of this species were over 14 inches long. In addition to this measure, bills calling for further conservation will be presented to the next Legislature.

To The Bottom. Forty-five tons of captured sardines went back home when the 55-foot fishing boat *Forty Fathom* sank to the bottom of Santa Catalina Island Isthmus. Captain Angelo Lo Grande of 285 W. 14th St., San Pedro, California, reported no special cause, or explosion. He said, "her seams just opened and she started taking on a lot of water." *Forty Fathom* is owned by Angelo Lucido of Oxnard, and the San Carlos Cannery there, and was valued at $40,000.

Controversy. Directors of the American Tunaboat Association, San Diego, vetoed a compromise offer by canneries to settle the tuna price war between boatowners, A.F.L. crew members, and the fish canners. Because of "uncertain" market prices while the tuna clippers were at sea, canners proposed that the price prevailing when the fishing boats docked be paid. Upon the boatowners' rejections of this proposal, the A.F.L. Fishermen's Union ordered its members to remain in port until a settlement was made, even though a lot of vessels would remain idle. Vessels operating for Van Camp Sea Food Company got the go-sign when the firm agreed to guarantee the price prevailing on departure of the boats. Both union and boatowners contended that packers were attempting an about-face of an old custom, which assured a fixed price to fishermen upon sailing date. Packers had offered to guarantee at least 85 percent of the prevailing price for tuna on departure of vessels for fishing banks.

Tch, Tch. An all time high was reached on the amounts of fines collected for fish and game violations in California. So reported the Fish and Game Division of Los Angeles, for the month of October. Chief of the Bureau of Patrol, L. F. Chappell, said fines totaling $44,721 were paid by 787 violators. In addition to this, fines from the sales of confiscated sardines amounted to $21,863.

Harold F. Cary, general manager of the American Tunaboat Association, said that 27 new tuna clippers of more than 50-ton capacity were added to the San Diego fleet during 1948. The National Iron Works will launch another large clipper this month, and has announced plans for expansion of its boat-building activities during 1949.

The statistical division of the California Fish and Game Commission reported the San Diego catch for October as follows: Yellowfin, 13,522,000 pounds; skipjack, 5,332,000 pounds; bonito, 41,000 pounds; blue-fin, 16,000

(*Continued on page 53*)

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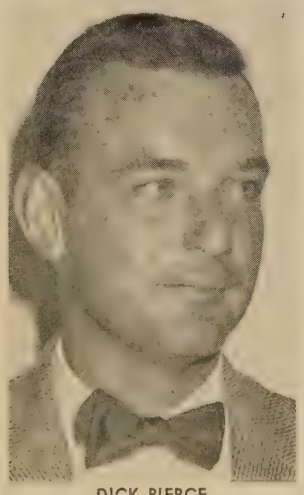

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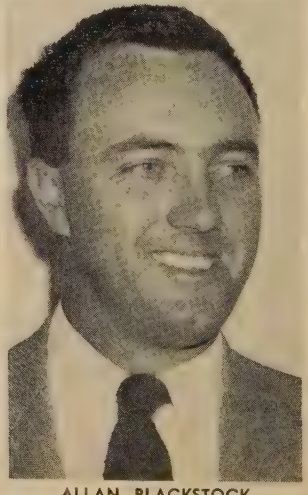

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EBB'N FLOW

(*Continued from page 51*)

pounds; albacore, 689,000 pounds; yellowtail, 156,000 pounds. This was a total of 9878 tons, compared with 13,073 tons the previous month. The total San Diego catch during the first 10 months of this year amounted to 76,720 tons and the number of cases canned through Oct. 31 was estimated at 2,800,000. If the local catch during November and December is equal to that of the same 2 months in 1947, the canned pack for this year will exceed by 60,000 cases the San Diego total for last year. The price of albacore varied widely during 1948, with quotations ranging from $400 to $700 a ton at local markets. Yellowfin and skipjack have been reasonably firm at $340 and $320 a ton, respectively. Most of the cannery executives anticipate demand to continue good unless imports from other countries reach a level sufficient to undermine the current price structure.

However, many persons in the industry believe foreign competition will have a marked effect on cannery operations here unless the former 45 percent rate eventually is restored. They point to the rise in the cost of raw fish and local labor rates in the industry, which frequently find workers earning more than $100 a week, as proof that imports will supply a large part of the U. S. market unless tariff rates go up. It was stated that local labor receives from 10 to 30 times as much a day as do workers in other countries, particularly Japan, who are attempting to capture a share of the American market.

A seasonal decline in cannery employment was reported during November with the number of workers estimated at 2812, compared with a previous high of more than 5000. This figure will decline further when the December catch is completed.

The price of tuna has advanced steadily for more than 30 years. Quotations for previous years were:

Species	1917	1927	1947
Albacore	$30	$200	$410-$600
Yellowfin	50	110	340
Skipjack	40	75	290- 320

Industry developments which may highlight 1949 include the possibility of construction of one or more new canneries in San Diego, continued expansion of the tuna fleet and extension of the fishing territories to include the "trust territories" of the Pacific Ocean.

Voyagers

Prudence Silveira (left) chief engineer, *Sun Voyager*, and Joe Leavitt (extreme right) chief enginere, *Anna M*, hash over pre-Christmas plans with Bill Magellan (center), co-owner *Anna M*.

The trend toward larger clippers would be accelerated by any move to obtain fishing rights in the waters of the mandated islands. Government agencies were requested to intensify their research activities with the view toward conservation of ocean fish supplies and discovering new sources of supply. The industry also has been active in persuading the Government to negotiate fishing treaties with foreign countries in an effort to eliminate difficulties which presently are expensive to the industry.

New Post. Appointment of Harold P. Requa Jr. as public relations and advertising director was announced by Jack Crivello, president of Sun Harbor Packing Company, San Diego. Requa, who formerly was associated with T. G. Armstrong in the advertising firm of Armstrong-Requa & Associates, also will assist in expanding the tuna packer's Sun Harbor label to an eastern market soon after January 1. William P. Schram succeeded Requa in the advertising firm, which is now known as Armstrong-Schramm Company.

Excavation. An oyster weighing two and one-fourth pounds, and considered the largest bi-valve of its kind ever dredged, was taken out of the Great South Bay, by the South Shell Food Company, and turned over to the National Fishery Council for publicity purposes.

Projects. Port of Los Angeles, already first in tonnage on the Pacific Coast, currently has $11,000,000 in new construction underway or planned for the immediate future to augment the $100,000,000 already invested in the huge facility, according to Arthur Eldridge, general manager. The 1948-49 budget of $17,069,539 approved by the Los Angeles Board of Harbor Commissioners includes the $11,000,000 for new berths, wharves, marine terminals and buildings. A major project now underway is the construction of a modern passenger freight terminal at berths 153-154 (inner harbor) at an estimated cost of $4,300,000. This project includes a wharf, 1,400 feet long, and two transit sheds, one 567 feet by 120 feet and the other 546 feet by 160 feet. The combined passenger and cargo terminal will have facilities on the second floor to handle passengers and baggage and for U. S. Customs inspection when required. To date construction contracts totaling a $1,751,455 have been let, and work is progressing on the wharves and rail facilities. In 4 months contracts for additional structures costing $2,000,000 will be awarded. Nearing completion is a $1,500,000 concrete wharf and transit shed extension at Berths 179-180 (inner harbor). This structure will be a modern general cargo terminal joining the existing terminals at Berths 178 and 181, adding greatly to their efficiency and operation. Work involved on the project includes the construction of a concrete wharf 812 feet in length, a steel frame

(*Continued on page 55*)

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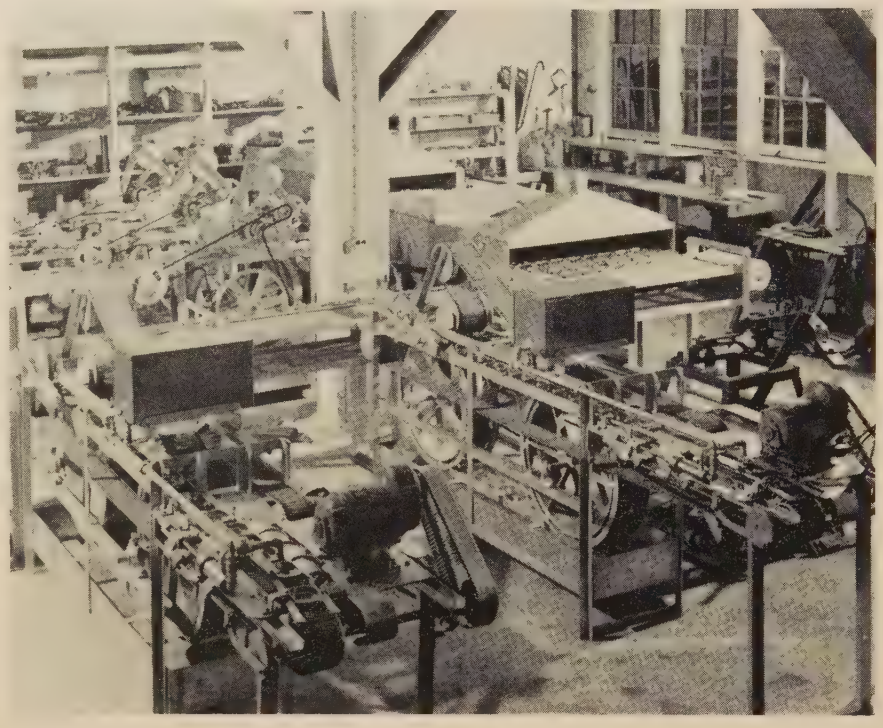
offers



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EBB'N FLOW

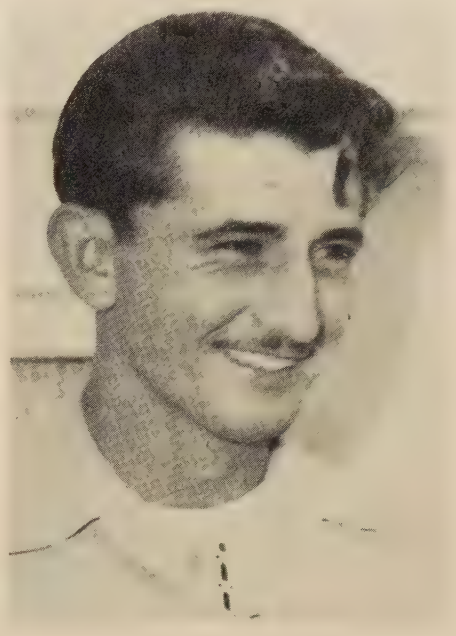
(*Continued from Page 53*)

concrete 764-foot transit shed with office facilities on the water side, railroad tracks, pavement, and other improvements. The completed extension will provide berth space for two freight vessels and will be served by high-line and low-line trackage. Ample storage space will be available at the rear of the terminal. For several years, Port of Los Angeles has been the ranking fishing port in the United States—both in weight of fish landed and the value of the catch. To provide berthing space for vessels serving this big industry at the port, the Board of Harbor Commissioners has under construction a new concrete wharf off the main channel at Berth 73. The wharf is 2,096 feet long and 40 feet wide and its total cost $1,250,000. A sum of $650,000 will be spent for new municipal fish markets at the foot of Twenty-second street at Berth 72 on the main channel. The markets are estimated to cost $412,000, and the concrete wharf 460 feet long and 40 feet wide will cost $238,000. Another improvement currently planned for the harbor will result in the development of the large west basin area. Negotiations for the removal of the Southern Pacific drawbridge across the entrance channel to the West Basin are now under way.

Election. American Tunaboat Association, San Diego, wound up the old year by electing six new directors and re-electing 14 others at its annual meeting. One-hundred and 30 bait boats are represented by the organization; the craft being spread from San Diego to San Pedro, and the Association will meet again December 29 to elect officers for that year. Manager of the Association, Harold F. Cary, said current president of the group, Anthony Madruga of San Diego, announced he would not again be a candidate for the post. New directors elected were George Campbell, Matthew Monise, Harold Morgan Sr. Joe Rogers, Manuel Rosa and Louis Vattuone. Returned to office were Louis Castagnola, Louis De Falco, Matteo Ghio, Louis Guidi, William Hoss, Anthony Madruga, Joe Medina, Machado Medina, M. O. Medina, Joseph Penacho, Frank Perry, Edward Silva, George Soares and Joseph Soares.

Newcomer. Making its maiden voyage, is the new 170-ton fishing boat *Sun Beam*, originally known as the *J. A. Martinolich*. Completed last year the 96-foot all-brine vessel has been rechristened the *Sun Beam* despite the fact that another *Sun Beam* was wrecked off Cape San Lucas, Baja California. Suggesting the new name was Captain Mike Elich of San Pedro, who holds no stock in the superstition that a new boat should not carry the name of one that has been sent to the bottom. The new vessel is being outfitted at the Martinolich Shipbuilding Company, and recognizes Mike Elich and Dominic Roki as co-owners, with Sun Harbor as managing owner.

Sale. Controlling interest in the Columbia River Salmon Co., Inc., pioneer salmon packers on the Columbia River, was sold to the Superior Packing Company of Seattle and Tenakee, Alaska. New officers are John T. Tennesen, Sr., President; John T. Tenneson, Jr., Secretary. Tenneson, Sr. is a veteran salmon packer having operated salmon canneries on Puget Sound as well as in Alaska. In addition to operating the Superior Packing Company he also operates the Pyramid Fisheries Company of Sitka, Alaska. Tenneson is widely known in the business world throughout Alaska and the Pacific Coast, as well as in fishery circles, having served as a member of the Twelfth District Federal Reserve Board, and presently is a director of the National Bank of Commerce of Seattle. Tenneson stated that while he intends to increase the activity of the Columbia River Salmon Co., Inc., and activate the Ilwaco, Washington plant of the company on crabs, clams and oysters as well as salmon and tuna, he does not anticipate any major changes in the personnel of the company. Young Tenneson has been active with his father in the salmon canning industry since his separation from the Navy in the South Pacific as Lieutenant J.G. He attended Yale and graduated from the University of Washington before entering the service. He will be active in the affairs of the company at Astoria. Anderson, who was inactive for some time due to illness, resigned as President of the Columbia River Salmon Company but still retains an interest in the company. Arthur Anderson, Jr. will be active under the new management. McGovern & McGovern of Seattle, the country's leading salmon brokers, will continue to serve as exclusive sales agent for the company.



New Skipper

Bill Magellan, Jr., who went to sea in driver's seat for first time last month as skipper of his dad's big tuna boat, *Anna M.*

Pact. New York's CIO union big wigs, representing 15,000 ship engineers, and 40 Atlantic and Gulf Coast shipping companies, called the wage war to a halt with a new agreement granting the seamen a 1.56 percent boost in wages. The basic wage ranges from $313 to $637 a month.

Cold War. Still pending full agreement late in the month was a strike throughout the main islands of Tokyo, in which 300 or more ships were tied up in another wage fight between employers and the Japanese seamen's union. The strike was precipitated by demand —and refusal—of a 30 percent wage increase asked by the union, which prolonged the strike for the "expressed" purpose of pressuring the Japanese government into passing the supplemental Budget Bill. The seamen have pulled labor to a standstill periodically to demand wage increases, according to authoritative sources, and intermittent strikes were expected to continue.

Administration. Forster Shipbuilding Company, Los Angeles Harbor, was hailed to the carpet by National Labor Relations Board, Washington, and told to provide a collective bargaining agent for employees by election. The election would be mustered to decide who would represent the employees, e.g., the Industrial Union of Marine and Shipbuilding Workers of America (C.I.O.), or the Metal Trade Council of Southern California (A.F.L.).

Investigation. Conducting a study of deep sea life in Tokyo fishing grounds, three American representatives of the Pacific Oceanic Fisheries Investigation, a branch of the Department of Interior, were working with Allied Headquarters Fisheries division in hopes of finding new fishing areas. Attention will be directed toward the tuna of the tropical and sub-tropical division, including skipjack.

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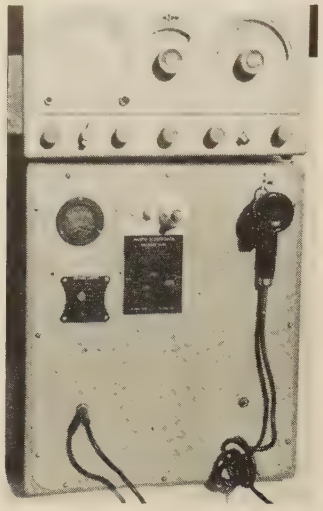

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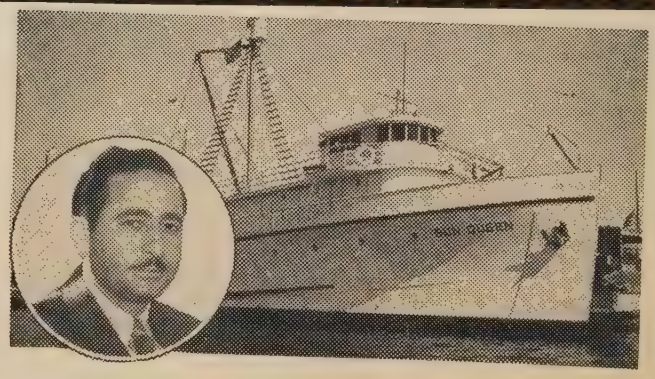

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Ships and Call Signs

A Complete List of West Coast Fishing Craft and Their Radio-Telephone Call Signs

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(For the convenience of the fishing fleet, the magazine Pan-American Fisherman every other month will print an up-to-date roster of ships and call signs. The editors will appreciate it if attention is called to discrepencies, either by penny postcard or letter. Corrections will be made promptly.)

NEW CALL SIGN	Name of Vessel	Licensee or Owner	Old Call Sign	Cannery Affiliation
		A		
WA2003	**A. A. Ferrente**	Frank Ferrente	ATXS	
WA2058	**Adriatic**	Slovko Ivancic	WPLM	
WA2167	**Alert**	Darrell D. Foreman	WXVP	
WA2213	**Algiers**	Harry Abell	WZPR	
WVJA	**Alphecca**	W. W. Ambrose	WVJA	WSP
WKEO	**America**	Pedro C. Neves & Assoc	WKEO	VCSF
WA2348	**America II**	Geo. H. Knowlton	KWNJ	
KAZG	**American Boy**	Joaquin Canas	AYYQ	VSSF
WA2353	**American Boy**	Max Grbelja	WJLN	
WA2358	**American Lady**	Ralph Madruga	ATLV	VCSF
WA2359	**Americano**	Francisco P. Vaia	ATEA	VCSF
WA2371	**Amor Da Patria**	Eric G. Danielson	WPNG	VCSF
KEDL	**Anna M.**	William Magellan	KEDL	VCSF
WA2478	**Anthony M.**	A. Misetich	WMQH	FS
WA2578	**Astorian**	Olaf Johnson	ATYG	VCSF
KGMP	**Atlantic**	Atlantic Oper. Co	KGMP	WCP
WPOK	**Azoreanna**	Edward S. Varley	WPOK	VCSF
WA2650	**Aztec**	J. S. Basinger	KEMW	VCSF
		B		
WA2675	**Balboa**	Julius Zolezzi	WCWR	SHP
WOLU	**Belle of Portugal**	Manuel Rosa	WOLU	VCSF
KCXL	**Bernadette**	Frank Medina	AUTA	WSP
WA2852	**Betsy Ross**	Peter Cekalovich	WPJN	
WA2869	**Betty B.**	Floyd H. Bay	KWQQ	
WA2977	**Blue Fin**	Kenneth Denton	KGCR	
WA3004	**Blue Sky**	Nick Karuzo	WORX	
WA3060	**Bonito**	Fish & Game Patrol	WPQN	
WA3147	**Buccaneer**	Alex Lapov	KDBP	
		C		
WPLC	**Cal**	Geo. Campbell	WPLC	VCSF
WA3238	**Calistar**	G. H. Clark	AUAY	TISF
WA3280	**Cape Horn**	Thos. H. Cooper	WPRN	SDP
WA3392	**Carol Ann**	Tom Hughes & J. Sullivan	KHUD	SDP
WA3412	**Carol Jo Ann**	Angiene Bregante	WGVY	
WA3478	**Cavalieri**	Marko Pesusich	WOSM	
KDZY	**Charlene**	Dr. O. H. Warner	ATCI	
KECD	**Chicken of the Sea**	H. E. Morgan	AUAE	VCSF
WA3704	**City of Avalon**	So. Calif. Fish Corp	WPUH	
WA3707	**City of Los Angeles**	John Gargas	ATKH	
WA3711	**City of Naples II**	Frank Amalfitano	AUJO	
WA3717	**City of San Francisco**	Nick Cola & Francis Cresci	WLFE	SHP
WA3714	**City of San Pedro**	Sam Mirkovich	ATID	SCF
WA3717	**City of Stockton**	Tom Mason	ATHI	
WA3756	**Clermont**	Van Camp Sea Food	WDLN	VCSF
KFNH	**Commander**	Al Davies	AYWU	SDP
KFNX	**Commodore**	Louie Vattuone	AYSU	SDP
KFQH	**Conte Di Savoia**	French Sardine Tender Andrew Castagnola	AZOJ	WSP
WB5719	**Coronado**	Cecil Drake		WSP
KSYA	**Corsair**	H. Morgan & Sons	KSYA	VCSF
WA3919	**Costa Rica**	Westgate Sea Products	KPCJ	WSP
WA3920	**Costa Rica II**	Steve & Joe Gargas	WOLI	
WA3925	**Courageous**	Lewis L. Livesley	ATXA	HSTP & FS
WA3935	**Crane**	Fish & Wildlife Service	WTDC	
WA3953	**C. R. Martinolich**	F. Marinvocich	ATES	PPF
		D		
WA4012	**Daiho II**	A. J. Good	KDKW	VCSF
WA4053	**Dauntless**	Louis Ursich	WOUI	
WA4115	**Defense**	John Zorotovich	KEBJ	
WA3148	**Del Rio**	R. Katnich	WOXR	
WA4189	**Discovery**	Nick Nrsich	WOVA	TISF
WA4247	**Dominator**	A. Davies	ATTU	SHP
WA4326	**Dorothy Lee**	Frank Medina	KEBG	WSP
		E		
WA4553	**El Capitan**	Kelco Co	KEBN	
WA4557	**El Commodore**	Ivan Botica	WOUT	
WA4573	**Electra—Dan Battaglia**		KDHN	SHP
WA4637	**El Padre**	Carlo Sima	WPJM	SCF
WA4664	**Elwood**	Kelco Co.	WPLG	
WGDR	**Emma R. S.**	Guy Silva	WGDR	SDP
KGWL	**Endeavor**	W. Wade Ambrose	ATSP	WSP
WA4711	**Endeavor (seine)**	Joe Randazzo	AUKB	

CODE LETTERS	COMPANY NAME
C. F.	Coast Fishing Co.
C.M.C.P.	Calif. Marine Curing & Packing Co.
F.I.P.	Franco-Italian Packing Co.
F.S.	French Sardine Company
H.S.T.P.	High Seas Tuna Packing Co.
N.I.O.	Not in Operation
P.P.	People's Packing Co.
P.P.F.	Pan-Pacific Fisheries
S.C.F.	So. California Fish Corp.
S.D.P.	San Diego Packing Co.
S.H.P.	Sun Harbor Packing Co.
S.P.C.	South Pacific Canning Co.
T.I.S.F.	Terminal Island Sea Food Co.
V.C.S.F.	Van Camp Sea Food Co., Inc.
W.C.P.	West Coast Packing Corp.
W.S.P.	Westgate Sea Products Co.

WA4731	**Erm Too**	John W. Norek, Jr.	WTXC	
WA4753	**E. S. Lucido**	Nino Lucido	AUAG	SCF
WA4762	**Esperia**	Marko Manestar	WNRO	
KGXV	**Espirito Santo**	Joe Alves	ATZY	VCSF
WA4872	**Excellent**	Ante Jurlin	WOUY	
		F		
WA4937	**Felice—E. W. Blocker**		WPMD	VCSF
WA4940	**Felicia II**	M. La Grande	AWCX	
WA4993	**Flamingo**	Alaska Packers Assoc	ATSY	
WA5002	**Fleetwood**	Arthur B. McCollum	WNXA	
WA5003	**Fleetwood**	John Evich	KPDY	
KIIU	**Frances Marie**	Frank M. Perry	ASSK	HSTP
		G		
KGQH	**Galapagos**	Pacific Motor Vessels	KGQH	SDP
WPRR	**Gallant**	Andrew Vilicich	WPRR	PPF
WA5284	**General MacArthur**	Vincent A. Cardinelli	KGSU	
WA5293	**Geenvieve H. II**	Roy Hugev	WEAK	HSTP
WA5436	**G. Marconi**	John B. Giacalone	AUNO	
WA5453	**Golden Gate**	Pete Szalinski	WOLV	VCSF
		H		
WA5638	**Harmony**	Joseph Bpgdanovich	WOBX	FS
WA5691	**Hawk II**	Daniel Sutlovich	KAGP	
KKRH	**Heroic**	M. O. Medina	AYFB	HSTP
		I		
WA6056	**Intrepid**	Dr. George Budd	WNNB	PP
WA6060	**Invader**	Nels K. Anderson	AUDJ	
WBEM	**Invader**	Louie Vatuone	WBEM	SDP
		J		
WA6166	**Jackie Sue**	Christian Gaspar	WOUJ	TISF
KKXU	**Jenita**	Victor F. Buono	AXZR	SDP
WA6404	**Jimmie Boy**	Robert J. King	AUTH	HSTP
KKYL	**Joan of Arc**	Manuel G. Balelo	AUBK	FS
WA6506	**Johnnie Boy**	Terminal Island Sea Foods	WNML	TISF
WA6505	**Johnnie Boy**	Paul Fiamango	WOWF	
WA6513	**Johnny Boy**	Terminal Island Sea Foods	WPSL	TISF
KKuW	**Julia B.**	Alfred Santos	AUOP	PP
		K		
WA6750	**Kathryn**	High Seas Tuna Packing Co	WFSP	HSTP
KMYK	**Katie Lou**	Peoples' Fish Enterprises	AYRU	PP
KNEN	**Kitty Hawk**	Martin Boysen	AVWF	SCF

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Fact

(*Continued from page 49*)

twines of the same type used in fish netting, in an effort to extend the life of the fibers.

Private industrial chemical laboratories engaged in a similar study for post-war use. As a result, these combined efforts produced many new materials which appeared on the market for marine uses. Copper napthenate became established as a preservative base when it proved superior to copper-oleate. However, this chemical alone, while effective, gives a relatively short period of protection, necessitating frequent and periodic retreatment.

In the development of preservatives for netting and cordage it is essential, of course, to consider other factors in addition to rot resistance. Such properties as flexibility, added weight, resistance to water, as well as the possibility of detrimental chemical action, resulting from the rot-proofing compound, must be considered.

One of the most outstanding treatments now available to the fishing industry is known as Cuprinol No. 60 Fish Net Preservative. This is a specially formulated product using a concentrated copper salts as the active base. It is designed to protect netting fibers, over a relatively long period of constant use, against bacterial infections and fungus which cause fiber deterioration. It furthermore retards heavy marine growths. This preservative combines several other compatible ingredients, in addition to the copper, which maintain a fixed-rate control of the activity of the copper.

Application: Advantages found in this product are numerous but those most outstanding are as follows: Requires no heat and only a five minute immersion, dries quickly in good drying weather, is a non-flammable mixture and therefore eliminates fire hazards, and does not stiffen or materially shrink the meshes. Appropros of this new product, it is interesting to note that, as far back as 1923, Taylor and Wells state in their report "The striking fact—is—evident that those preservatives containing copper in some form deposited in the lines are best." They continue, "since copper seems essential in a net preservative, the form that carries with it fewest incidental objections, such as stiffness, increase in weight, and wearing quality, is preferable."

Fish netting in use in the United States and Alaska represents roughly an investment, at present price levels, of about $25,000,000. The over-all average life of netting is somewhat under ten months when tar, in some form, and tanning, the most common preservatives, are used. With such a heavy investment of capital, it appears advisable to utilize some of the comparatively new preservatives which have been proved to be so superior in preventing bacterial degradation of fish netting. Human lives, important time, as well as billions of dollars were saved as a result of their use during World War II. Today a few of these, such as Cuprinol, having these outstanding qualities are available to the fishing industry. Bibliography includes: 1. "Preservation of Fish Nets," by H. F. Taylor, Bureau of Fisheries document No. 898, 1921. 2. "Properties and Values of Certain Fish Net Preservatives" by H. F. Taylor and A. W. Wells, Bureau of Fisheries document No. 947, 1923. 3. "Preservation and Care of Fish Nets" by Frank E. Firth, (former Technologist) and C. B. Carlson, U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service Leaflet No. 66, 1944, revised 1947.

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Industry

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the run up-river to Avondale's main plant.

Bull, whose executive personnel includes James Viavant, Vice-President; Edwin Hartzman, Chief Engineer, and Ewing Moore, Purchasing Agent, is an unshakable believer in the axiom that a satisfied and competent staff is the difference between success or failure for any firm. Labor relations at the yards have been singularly harmonious. Anticipating rises in retail prices, the firm, on more than three occasions this past year, handed out raises to the entire staff. Public relations include a five-acre truck garden, in which vegetables are raised and provided without cost to any employe, and a spotlessly clean and well-appointed cafeteria, which serves meals at the lowest price possible.

"Workers who are satisfied with their jobs, are the most invaluable asset any firm can have," says Bull. "I'm proud of my group. They are good people—and talented."

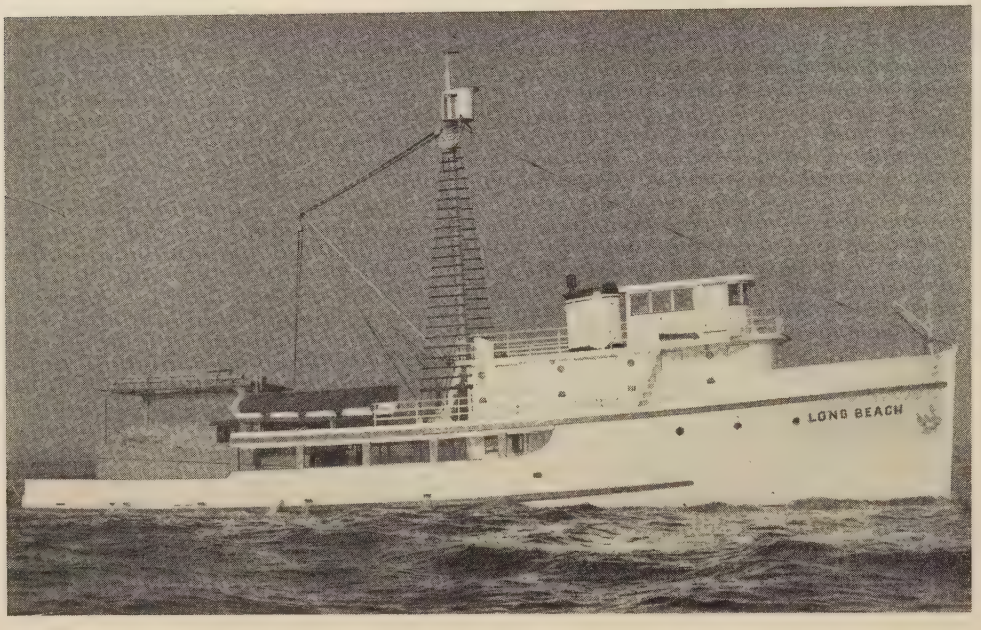
Silhouette

(*Continued from Page 15*)

Concerning fishing's future, Charlie likes to think it looks more than satisfactory, despite the headaches which have become increasingly evident with the industry's growth. But he isn't deluded about the dangers ahead. "The greed of nations to harvest the seas is almost certain to bring more trouble in the future unless fishing interests of all nations are intelligent enough now to lay a sound foundation for an equitable participation in the natural resources of the sea," he says. 'An example is the North Sea, where numerous nations prosecute the fishery, but where, through the centuries, they have failed to coordinate and establish a program of conservation. Renewable natural resources are limited, and the world fisheries will require wise management just as local fisheries do. My ambition is to see a better relationship between the sport and commercial fishing industries, and recognition of the rights of each. Every fisherman is but a custodian of the resources of all the people." There are certain groups who would agree, it is safe to say, that Charlie, in reference to this last statement, had set a pretty reasonable example, himself.

New 100 FOOT TUNA *Clipper*

to be completed about June 1, 1949



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Ships and Call Signs

(Continued from page 57)

L

WA6895	La Belle—Archie White & Jim Eppick	ATQT	VCSF
WA7006	La Playa—Erline Perreira	AUEB	TISF
WA7131	Liberator (Seine)—Paul Biazevich	ATDQ	
KOMN	Liberator—Jos. & Geo. Soares	ATNJ	
WA7134	Liberty (Seine)—Liberty Co.	WTSD	
WPRQ	Liberty—Edward Madruga	WPRQ	PS
KONC	Liberty Bell—Frank Gonsalves, Jr.	ATIP	HSTP
WA7155	Lil Evelyn—Joe Mello	AVBT	
WA7176	Limited—Dominick de Maria	AWXH	
WA7179	Lina B.—Andrew Vidovich	WNKZ	
WA7195	Linde—Arno Bros.	WEVP	
WA7299	Lone Wolf—John B. Zolezzi	WPMN	SHP
WA7303	Long Island—Andrew Rafkin, Jr.	WPMI	PPF
WA7402	Lucky Star—Phillip Cracchiolo	WPKD	
WA7404	Lucky Star—Manuel Freitas	KWNG	PP
WA7419	Lucky Elena—Wm. H. Schmidt	KTSK	PP
KGWN	Lusitania—M. Rosa & L. Oliver	KGWN	VCSF

M

WA7492	Madeirense—Manuel F. Correia	WDXO	VCSF
WA7613	Marauder—Peterson Boatbuilding	AUCU	
WA7611	Marauder—C. J. Gilson	AUTN	
WA7690	Maria—Joseph Riera	WDLO	
WA7714	Marico—Newell Morris	WDEZ	SDP
WA7735	Marie Joan—Tony Zangaro	WPOS	
WA7737	Marie Louise—Steve Zolezzi	WOXU	SHP
WA7849	Marsha Anna—Jack Borcich	AZTS	PPF
WA7899	Martin B—Peter Asaro	AZRI	FSC
KPJZ	Mary Barbara—Serafino Parmigiani	AuRK	PP
WA8007	Mauritania—Maurice Cardozo	AWZI	FS
KPKE	Mayflower—J. O. Medina	AVKB	HSTP
WA8169	Milady—Walter Den Herder	AUZJ	
WA8199	Milwaukee—R. H. & S. C. Heigold	WCPM	VCSF
WA8246	Miss America—Hodgson-Green-Haldeman	AUJI	CMCP
WA8373	Monarch—Salvador M. Lucas	KSQR	SCF
KAOF	Morning Star—A. Zolezzi	KAOF	WSP

N

KQBK	Navigator—Joaquin Qualin	AWXN	HSTP
WA8620	New Ambassador—C. B. Hackney & R. L. Deskin	WPND	TISF
WA8623	New Bol—Tony Devlahovich	WPVV	
WA8625	New Comer—G. W. Kell	ATGQ	
WA8643	New Limited—Salvatore Melicia	WPRM	
WA8780	North America—Agostino Ghio	KDZD	VCSF
WA8781	North American—Sverre Jangaard	ATFM	VCSF
WA8782	North Cape—George Fiamengo	WOSN	PPF
WPMU	Northern Light—J. A. Foster & W. A. Hoss	WPMY	SHP
WA8804	North Star—Alav Valderhaug	AXFD	
KQIE	Notre Dame—John G. Cardosa	ATYD	FS
WA8849	Nyna Rose—Mario Bregante	AVJB	
WA8850	Nyna Rose II—Gaetano Scotti	KYDG	

O

WA8862	Oceana—Marina Bagalini	WDJW	VCSF
WA8883	Ohio III—Sea Food Enterprises	WCPR	
WA8900	Old Timer—C. Sugluizzo	AUCQ	
WA8915	Olympia—Joe Silveira	WOPS	

P

WA9264	Pacific Star—Sam Lonero	KASR	
KQNC	Paramount—Joe Madruga	AXTU	HSTP & FS
WA9354	Patria—Manuel M. Medina	KGMQ	WSP
WA9368	Patriotic—John Ryono	WFIY	
WA9495	Pez Espada—Harry M. Brown	WPWI	
WA9520	Phyllis—Joe Aliotti	WCVM	
WA9549	Pioneer—Marion Jancich	ATVK	
KQPM	Portuguesa—Victor G. Rosda	ATRA	VCSF
WA9735	Princess Pat—Otto C. Kiessig	ATVU	SHP
WA9761	Progress—Andrew Tomicich	WCKD	

Q

WNIE	Queen Mary—Joe Medina Enterprises	WNIE	SHP

R

WA9844	Rajo—Newell Morris	KGWU	SDP
WA9886	Ranger—Ranger Seafood Co.	WPKZ	SDP
WA9881	Ranger (Seine)—Sea Food Factors	WDHE	
WB2035	Richness II—Pasquale Bengasino	WEVK	
WB2169	Ronnie M.—Anton Misetich	ATEJ	
KCJR	Ronnie S.—Thomas J. Santos	KCJR	WSP
WB2178	Rose—People's Fish Enterprises	KPLS	PP
WB2184	Rose Ann—Tony Tarantino	AVGE	SHP
WB2192	Rose Marie—W. W. Ambrose	WOVP	WSP
KSIC	Ruthie B.—M. H. Wilson & Wm. H. Black	KSIC	HSTP

S

WB2348	St. Anthony—Frank Alioto	WOKS	WSP
WB2345	St. Anne of the Sunset—Mary Lucido Harder	ATXL	
WB2350	St. Augustine II—Tony Esposito	KAEK	
WB2361	St. James—John Ruzich	KAHE	
KQVV	St. Joseph—Westgate Sea Products	AYDD	WSP
WB2370	Saint Louis—Pasquale DiLeva	WNRP	
WB2459	San Antonio IV—Gennaro DiLeva	TUJN	
WB2495	San Francisco—Vince Fiamengo	KPBE	PPF
WB2486	San Giuseppe—Nicholas Vlastelica	WOUW	
WB2493	San Pedro Boy—Nick Radovcich	WOTR	PPF
WB2504	Santa Anna—Giuseppe Lucido	ATHA	
KQWO	Santa Barbara—Sun Harbor Packing	AURK	SHP
WB2510	Santa Lucia—Louis Di Meglio	WMPJ	
WB2511	Santa Maria—Antonio Di Bernardo	WPRX	
WFEM	Santa Margarita—Manuel Gonsalves	WFEM	FIP
WB2611	Sea Boy—Franco Italian Pkg. Co.	WDFK	FIP
WB2613	Sea Breeze—Eugene Banich	WOTP	
WB2642	Seafarer—Alvin T. Davies	KKTR	
WB2660	Sea Giant—T. W. Stevens	WPVJ	
KQYX	Sea Hound—Joaquin Pedro	AUCL	VCSF
WB2701	Sea King—Vitto Alioto	AUEK	SDP
WB2731	Sea Main—Caspare Maiorana	WERZ	
WB2745	Sea Pirate—Sea Pirate Co.	WTOI	
WB2748	Sea Pride—Andrew Tipich	WOUZ	
WB2773	Sea Ranger—George P. Lang	AUPA	
WB2780	Sea Rider—Matt Dragich	WPKW	
WB2785	Sea Rover—Nick Vlastelica	KNIK	SCF
WB2794	Sea Scout—Pete Dragich, Jr.	ATWA	
WB2802	Sea Spray—Pete Skarponi	ATGA	
WB2808	Sea Star—Giozanni Aliotti	WTSJ	
WB2836	Sea Wolf—Manuel A. Chagas	ATLU	CF
WB2865	Senorita—Arnold P. Azevedo	WJFJ	
WB2893	Seven Seas—Elmer Duzich	ATMJ	
KQZB	Sharon Gale—Coast Fishing Co.	AUMJ	CF
WB3177	South Coast—Dan Marks	WLXK	SCF
WB3192	Southland—Calif. Marine Curing & Packing Co.	AYTH	CMCP
KRDN	South Seas—Vincent Gann	ATDE	FS
WB3218	Sparton—Sam Braco	KDYE	
WB3274	Standard II—Andrew J. Mardesich	WDGM	
WB3303	Star of Monterey—John Russo	WTNV	
WB3304	Star of San Pedro—Peter V. Martin	WOVF	
WB3328	Sterling—Wards Cove Pkg. Co.	WLFB	
WFFC	Sun Crest—Allen E. Humphrey	WFFC	SDP
WB3399	Sun Dial—Fred Brown	AUGQ	SHP
KEUJ	Sun Europa—Sam Crivello	AUBA	SHP
WB3408	Sun Glow—Anthony Madruga	TYHE	SHP
WB3409	Sun Harbor—Sun Harbor Pkg. Co.	WPOF	SHP
KRRW	Sun Hawk—George Alameda	AUUO	SHP
KRSX	Sun Hilarita—Vigilio da Paixao, Jr.	AYFL	SHP
WB3410	Sun Jackett—Donald Lee Byrd	KALA	SHP
KPOJ	Sun Jewel—W. O. Jones	KPOJ	WSP
WB3415	Sun Maid—Frank Sanfilippo	WCGR	SHP
WJSA	Sun Pacific—Antonio Tavares	WJSA	SHP
KRYA	Sun Queen—Manuel Drummond	AXFK	SHP
WB3429	Sunrise Ranger—Vincent Marinkovich	WDMX	
KRZZ	Sun Ray—Sun Harbor Pkg.	AUKN	SHP
WB3433	Sunset—A. Bregante & Assoc.	AuKF	VCSF
WB3433	Sunset (Seine)—Anthony Bozanich	WNFJ	
WB3442	Sun Traveler—Ralph McCabe	WXRR	SHP
WB3443	Sun Valley—Sun Harbor Pkg. Co.	WDSX	SHP

T

WB3826	Tiger Shark—Roy D. Crippen	AUAN	
WB3938	Treasure Island—August Felando	WTSL	
WB3989	Tuna Fin—R. C. Sabins	AVRH	
WB4015	Two Nancies—Guiseppe Fiore	AWTA	

U

KTJQ	United Victory—Arthur De Fever	ATLF	HSTP

V

WB4071	Vagabond—Mariano Torrente	ATMB	
WB4130	Varuna—Lawrence A. Barr	WOBQ	
WB3776	Venetian—Steve Stagnaro	WPLP	VCSF
WB3782	Venture—C. H. Ewing	AUTL	
WB3800	Venus—John A. Mardesich	WOXH	
KTJW	Victoria—Matt Monise	ARUN	WSP
WB4163	Victory—Dr. O. H. Warner	KPCC	HSTP
WB4208	Vindicator—Pete Martin	WDFH	SCF
WB4224	Virginia II—Mathew Bodul	WPRT	
WB4247	Vittoria—John Zankich	WMJK	
WB4254	Volga Boatman—Matt. M. Fiamengo	WDRX	

W

KTTW	West Coast—Angelo Castagnola	AUXK	PP
WB4400	Western Clipper—John Kordich	WCNP	
WB4404	Western Flyer—Anthony J. Berry	WPTO	
WB4408	Western Pilot—Joe Dragich	WHFL	
WB4409	Western Pride—John Mezich	WLEI	
WB4412	Western Star—Anthony Gradis	WDRA	
WB4416	Westgate—W. W. Ambrose	WOXY	WSP
KTZC	West Point—Carl Hanken	AXQY	VCSF
WB4467	White Rose—Luke A. Alafetich	WOUU	
KTZF	White Star—Van Camp Sea Food Co.	AUWQ	VCSF
WB4555	Wilmar—C. W. Packard	WFIX	

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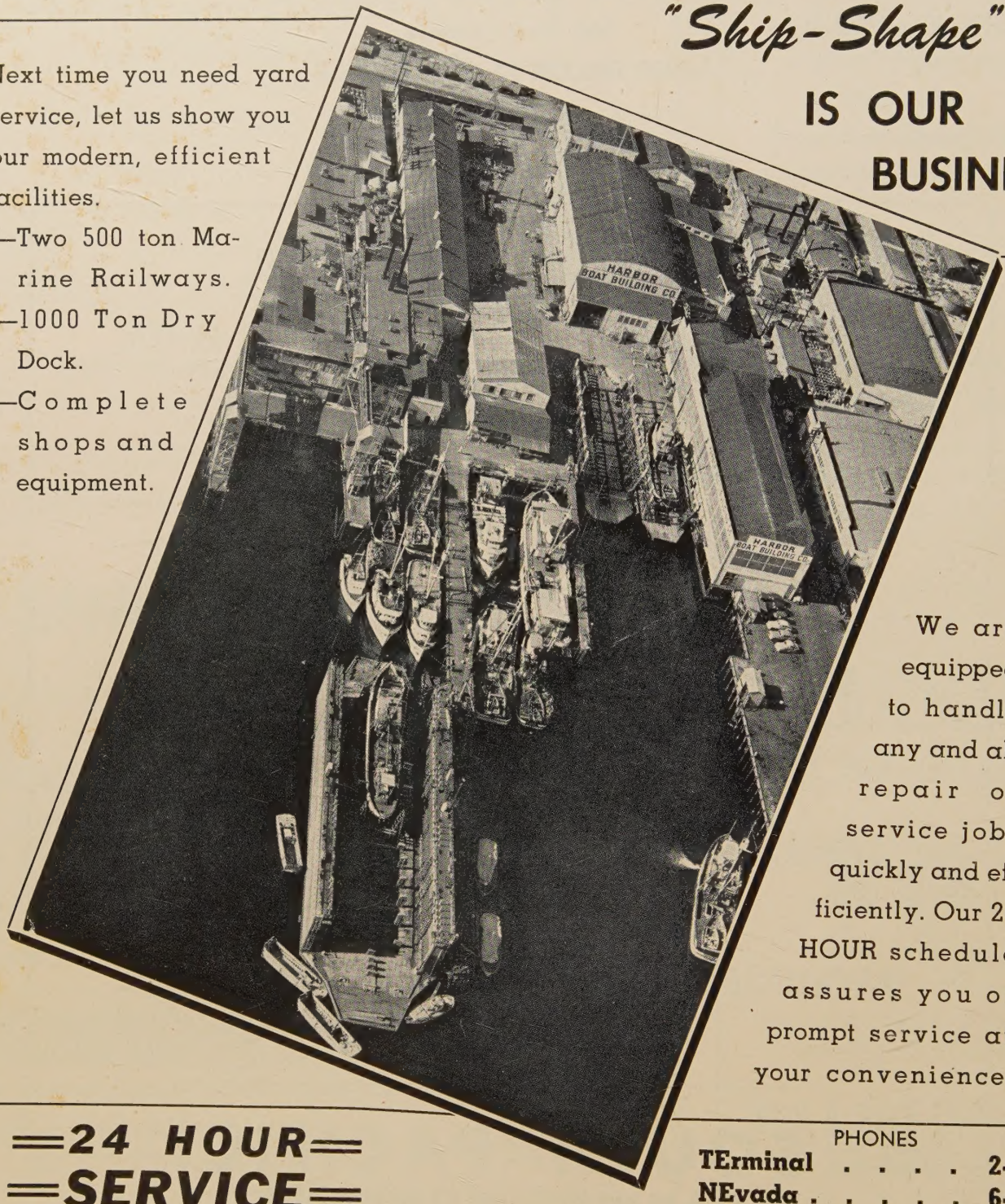

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As you know, fish products today are enjoying an increased demand and good prices. With other protein foods selling at higher prices, millions of consumers have been eating more fish and shellfish than ever before. Naturally, we cannot always expect this favorable price position, but it is a fact that we are getting the benefit of a gigantic "sampling" of fish products by millions of new consumers.

While the N. F. I. publicity and advertising campaign has been an influence, the principal reason for this change in eating habits has been the high prices of other foods. We now have the opportunity to convert this "sampling" into a permanent change in eating habits, but we must be certain that these new users enjoy the fishery products they are eating.

In order to do this, we must expand our use of the forces of advertising and publicity to help the housewife learn appetizing new ways to prepare and serve fish and shellfish and acquaint her with the many varieties available and with their nutritive value.

During the past year N. F. I. has set up a Publicity and Advertising Department to carry out such a program. A good start has been made, but the help of every segment of the industry is needed if the job is to be completely effective. We have the opportunity—let's take advantage of it.

CARLTON CRAWFORD, President

MEMBER

NATIONAL FISHERIES INSTITUTE INC.

Crawford Packing Company

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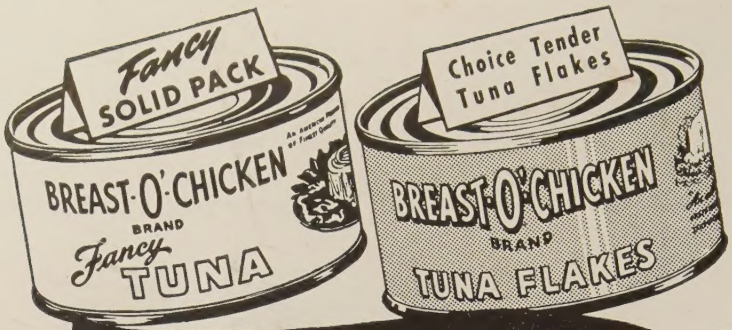

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